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INDEX TO LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

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THE FAIRIES' FLITTING.

THE fairies are floating, flying away
From bushy rath and from grassy dell;
From the dark rings seen on the valleys green;
But whither they're wandering none can tell.

In the dim blue haze, from the mountain spread
O'er river and landscape at close of day;
Through the amber furze; o'er the shining
pools,
The fleet-footed fairy folk pass away.

In the vapor floating o'er marsh and moor,
The bright clouds trailed o'er the mountain
height;

In the white mist-wraiths on the silent lakes,
They've taken their noiseless, secret flight.

In the rosy dawn, in the cloudy dusk,
They vanish, and with them the good old
times;

So we bid them farewell with regretful
thoughts,
With tender mem'ries, and gentle rhymes.

But where have they vanished? the small,
bright folk,
That never at matin or vesper bell
Have knelt down to prayer, yet were blithe
and gay —
Where have they vanished from hill and
dell?

Too frail to traverse the rolling seas,
In the billow's swell, in the tempest's roar;
Too light to sink to the underworld,
Where the shadows of death lie brooding
o'er.

Too feeble to reach heaven's gates of gold;
(Their wings are slight, though so light and
fleet);

They'd fail in the blue, so cold and pure,
And find no rest for their tiny feet.

Perhaps they are still near the moated hill,
The rank green grass, and the flower-sweet
sod.

May their sleep be soft on the earth, poor
souls!
Whose wings are too weak to ascend to
God.

Chambers' Journal. M. E. KENNEDY.

THE LAST WALK.

WITH feeble, failing, faltering feet she trod
Along the garden's grassy terraces,
Through all the rush of sweet spring har-
monies,
Hearing the low, clear summons from her
God.

The river sang along its willowed ways,
The thrushes filled the air with wooing trills,
And sweeping down the slope, the daffodils
Flashed back again the noonday's living blaze.

The "scent of violets, hidden in the green,"
Stole round her with the west wind's kisses
soft;

The daisies glimmered pearl-like on the
croft;

The blackthorn buds peeped, cleaving sheaths
between.

The sweet, reviving miracle of spring,
Instinct with life, pervaded earth and sky;
While, "Look on it, and leave it, thou
must die,"

Her doom amid it all was whispering.

I think the tears — that, to the patient eyes,
Dimmed all the glory of the April day,
Though still her Saviour whispered, "Come
away" —

Were looked on very gently from the skies.
All The Year Round.

NIGHTFALL.

THE shades of evening lengthen, — let us
close

The latticed window, and draw down the
blind:

These shadows seem as spirits, and the
wind

Moans in its wandering; mournfully it goes
As some poor soul that grievous sorrow
knows,

Or homeward traveller fearful lest he find
Beside his hearth the doom that haunts his
mind,

And o'er his pathway its grim visage shows.
As haunted houses are our haunted hearts,

Wherein pale spirits of past sorrows dwell!
Wherein, as players that play many parts,

Presentiments their tragic tales foretell!
Draw close the curtain, — ay, shut out the
night;

The night is dark, let love then be our light.
S. WADDINGTON.

A MEMORY.

No more those strips of springing wheat,
Nor olive orchards silver-grey,

Nor cypress-crowning lucent hills
Beneath the broad Italian day

Shall I behold — but arching lanes

And cowslip fields and tender grass,

And cool full streams with waving weeds

Where cloudy shadows stoop and pass;

And beechen woods and silent downs;

And far away a moist blue rim

Of distance, closing in a world

Of pallid colors, vague and dim.

But here or there, I bear with me

One scene engraven in my heart:

The still white bed, the patient face,

The last long look before we part.

Speaker.

C. FELLOWES.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE GREAT EQUATORIAL FOREST OF AFRICA.

BY P. B. DU CHAILLU.

THE great forest of equatorial Africa, after having faded away from public attention for a quarter of a century, has once more come to the front as a subject of the most widespread interest, in consequence of the heroic exploits of Mr. Stanley and of his followers.

I have been invited to give in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* some of my experiences of this extraordinary region at the time when I, the first white man who had ever penetrated its recesses, journeyed thither, and I do so with the more readiness in that my methods of exploration were, from the necessity of the case, entirely different from those of Mr. Stanley, and that my experiences consequently represent in some respects a different aspect of the many-sided problem from that which he gives us.

I cannot but allude — though it be but a passing allusion — to the bitter storm of incredulity and opposition which my narrative at that time called forth in some quarters — the cannibals, the dwarfs, the mountains, the gorillas, the very forest itself, were ridiculed as fictions, or even worse, of my own imagination. I felt all this very keenly at the time, and but for the staunchness and kindness of the many friends who stood by me, and encouraged me through evil report and good report, I could not have faced it, and was content to reflect that the truth in the long run must prevail.

My experiences differed from those of Mr. Stanley chiefly in these respects. I was travelling alone, at my leisure, and at my own expense, accompanied only by native porters, who carried my stock of necessaries and my collections. I had no very large company to feed, and no immense stores of valuables to transport and to protect. I learned sufficient of the languages and dialects of the region to enable me to make friends with the natives among whom I resided. I was passed on from tribe to tribe as a friend, learning their customs, and — so far as was possible for a civilized man — living their life. I soon

found that it was useless for me to attempt to force a way through the impenetrable jungle, and that in order to make progress it was necessary to follow the intricate and labyrinthine native tracks from village to village, and to abandon all hope of travelling in a straight line from point to point.

Mr. Stanley, on the other hand, at the head of what was practically a small army, "tied to time," and hampered by the responsibilities of feeding his numerous followers, of transporting his valuable stores, and, above all, of fulfilling within a limited time his all-important mission, was compelled to force his way through obstacles which would have baffled a less strong man in a few days.

Once only during my explorations did I wish that I had a strong party, for then, when there was no other alternative, I would have made my way by force. While in the country of the dwarfs, the gun of one of my seven followers went off accidentally, and killed one man and the sister of the queen, and the natives naturally interpreted this as an attack, and retaliated so fiercely that we all, including myself, were wounded, and obliged to beat a retreat.

This vast difference in circumstances must of necessity be reflected in our reports on the country, but I think the comparison renders all the more striking the fact that Mr. Stanley has confirmed in all its main features, so far as the scenes of our expeditions coincided, my narrative of twenty-five years ago.

I will, without further preface, proceed to give some account of this great central African forest.

As the mariner approaches the western coast of Africa above the river Campo, situated 2° north of the equator, and sails southward along the land as far as the Gaboon estuary or river, the southern shores of which run in a parallel line with the equator and only a few miles north of it, he beholds all the way, reaching down to the water's edge, a dense, unbroken forest, and far inland, several mountain ranges covered with trees to their very top. These mountains are known under the name of Sierra del Crystal. They are gradually lost to sight as one nears the Gaboon.

This immense wooded country, in which I passed several years (1856-59) when but a lad, and which I again visited in 1863-65, forms the outskirts of the gigantic equatorial forest which I was the first to explore and which has been entered, and in part traversed further inland, by the heroic Stanley. The outer or western limit of this belt of forest-clad region is the very sea itself, for the roots of its trees spread to the beach.

A grand and magnificent sight greets the traveller as he finds himself in this woody wilderness. I was awed by the majesty of the scene and lost in admiration of the wonderful vegetation which is exhibited.

The silence of this forest, as one travels through it, is sometimes appalling. Mile after mile is traversed without even hearing the chatter of a monkey, the shrill cry of a parrot, the footstep of a gazelle or antelope. The falling of a leaf, the murmur of some hidden rivulet, the humming of insects, and here and there the solitary note of a bird, only come to give life and bring relief in the gloom of the vast solitude that surrounds you. The feeling which seizes you as you move along in the silent path is undescrivable.

Once in a while the silence is broken by the heavy footstep of the elephant, the grunt of some wild boar, or the light footsteps of some other wild animals. Gigantic trees, rising to a height of two or three hundred feet and even more, tower over this sea of everlasting foliage like giants of the forest, ready to give the first warning of the coming tornado or tempest which is to break the tranquillity of their domain. Under these enormous trees other trees of less size grow, under these again others still smaller, of all sizes and shapes, and finally a thick jungle. What a jungle it is? Often the eye tries in vain to pierce through it even a yard or two. Lianas, like gigantic snakes, stretch in profusion from tree to tree, and twine themselves round the stems or hang from their branches; thorny creepers, malacca-like canes, with their hook-like thorns resting on the edge of the leaves; grass with edges as sharp as razors cling to your clothes, or cut deep into the flesh if they

chance to touch any exposed parts; or at times pineapples run wild are seen by the ten thousand—or aloes—while on the bark of trees hang in large festoons vast masses of orchids.

Trees covered with flowers, often of brilliant color and beautiful shape, relieve at certain seasons of the year the monotony of the dark green. Other trees and plants bear a bountiful crop of nuts, fruits, and berries of various sizes, colors, and shapes. The number of these fruit-bearing trees is very great; one of them specially presents a most beautiful sight when bearing; from its trunk hang large bunches of olive-shape fruits of the most gorgeous red color, delicious to eat, though somewhat acid.

Ebony, bar wood, and the indiarubber vine are found in abundance, specially the indiarubber; but unfortunately the latter is becoming rarer every day, owing to the reckless waste which takes place in tapping them. The native, in fact, says to himself, "If I do not take all I can, another will do it;" the vine dies from exhaustion. Ivory, beeswax, a little gum copal, bar wood, ebony, a little palm oil, are the natural products found.

South of the equator the monotony of the forest is broken along the seashore, and sometimes inland, by open prairies, till they again give place to the vast unbroken jungle. Several rivers water the land; their banks by the seashore are low and swampy, and covered with mangrove-trees as far as the brackish water goes.

I said in "Equatorial Africa:"—

The explorer finds here a region so densely wooded that the whole country may be described as an impenetrable jungle, through which man pushes on only by hewing his way with the axe. The forests, which have been resting for ages in their gloomy solitude, seem unfavorable for the increase of beasts which are their chief denizens.

I wrote also:—

Some of the slaves of the Apingi are brought from a distance to the eastward, which they counted as twenty days' journey, and they invariably protested that the mountains in sight from their present home continued in an uninterrupted chain far beyond their own country.

I thought it probable that the impene-

trable forests of this mountain range and its savage inhabitants formed an insurmountable barrier to the victorious southward advance of Mohammedan conquerors. South of the equator, at any rate in west Africa, they never penetrated.

Hunger and starvation were continually before me, but when young and enthusiastic these privations count for little. I had to feed on nuts and berries often for a long time together — once for eleven days — and the starvation ended by eating part of a leopard I had shot. Here I may observe that we had to depend for our food on our guns and the natural products of the forest. I carried no supplies of European provisions with me, but lived as the natives do from hand to mouth, for porters to carry provisions were generally not obtainable. Besides starvation there was often a still greater impediment to my advance. I had more than fifty attacks of fever, taking more than fourteen ounces of quinine besides arsenic, to cure myself, and many a time I lay in the forest helpless under a tree with but a kind Providence watching over me. When well again, all the past starvation, diseases, hardship, home-sickness were forgotten — the African forest, and its hidden treasure of natural history not yet discovered were once more smiling before me.

This forest, so rich in berries, nuts, and fruits, is well adapted for the home of the ape. There lives the most powerful of all apes — the gorilla — a giant of strength, who roams to and fro in the great solitude as the king of the forest. The male comes and attacks man fiercely and without fear when disturbed in its haunts. One of my hunters was killed by one of these monsters, which, in its rage, bent the barrel of his gun, and then left him in his gore.

Besides the gorilla there are other varieties of apes, or chimpanzees; among them the kooloo-kamba, the nshiego-mbouve, or bald-headed ape, the nshiego-kengo, and the nshiego, the latter being the well-known chimpanzee. One may form an idea of the age and continuity of this great forest when one reflects that such apes as are found there are only the survivors of numerous species of a far past age.

The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the sound of distant thunder along the sky, and fills the forest with its reverberations.

Neither the lion, zebra, gnu, rhinoceros, giraffe, nor ostrich, nor the great number and varieties of antelopes so common in other parts of the continent, are known here. There are no tame cattle, no horses, no donkeys; in fact the only domesticated animals are goats and fowls and a species of sheep.

The insect world is very abundant, scorpions and centipedes, mosquitoes without number, and also a species of gnats, perhaps more troublesome than the mosquitoes. Among the terrible flies are the *ibolai*, twice as large as our common fly; the *nchouna*, which inserts its proboscis so gently that often it gets its fill of blood before you know you are bitten. Presently, however, the itching begins, and lasts for several hours, varied at intervals by sudden sharp stabs of pain which often last the whole day. The *iboca*, — its bite is the most severe of all, and clothing is no protection from it; often the blood has run from my face or arm, so that one would think that a leech had been at work. The most dreaded of all is the *elomay*, a kind of wasp.

The butterflies are at times extremely numerous, flitting along the path; their flight is as still as the forest itself.

Of snakes there is great abundance; a few are harmless, but the bite of most of the species is deadly. There are tree, land, and water snakes. I have often seen the latter coiled up and resting on the branches of trees under water. These vary in size and in poisonous venom. There are cases where the man bitten dies in a short time.

There are a great many species of ants, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most dreaded of all is the *bashikonay*, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the forest, — the elephant, the leopard, the go-

rilla, and all the insect world—and man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by fire and boiling water. It is the habit of the bashikouay to march through the forest in a long, regular line—about two inches broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It takes often more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. I myself have had to run for my life. Their advent is known beforehand; the still forest becomes alive, the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

I remember well the first time I met these bashikouays in their attacking raid. I knew not then what was in store for me. I was hunting by myself all alone, when suddenly the forest became alive in the manner I have described above; a sudden dread seized me; I did not know what all this meant. Some convulsion of nature was perhaps going to take place. I stood still in the hunting path, resting on my gun, when all at once, as if by magic, I was covered with them and bitten everywhere. I fled in haste for dear life in the same direction the animals had taken, and the middle of a stream became my refuge. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap, instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury, which causes it entirely to disregard its own safety and seek only the conquest of its prey. Sometimes men condemned to death on account of witchcraft are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry bashikouays passes, in a short time only his bare skeleton remains to tell the tale.

The power and the knowledge of the

white man extended but a few miles from the coast, and the interior was a *terra incognita*. To ascend the rivers, to acquaint myself with the superstitious customs and mode of life of the black tribes who had not hitherto been visited by white men, to hunt in the great forest, make natural history collections, to explore the country, were among the chief objects I had in view. In that great forest I travelled, always on foot, and in every direction, and unaccompanied by any white man, more than ten thousand miles; I shot, preserved, and brought home more than two thousand birds, many of which were new species; and more than two hundred quadrupeds—twenty of these were also new species; and more than eighty skeletons, and some hundred and twenty skulls. All these had to be carried on the backs of my followers and carefully packed and protected from the heavy rain.

What terrific weather and dangers often attended us in our marches may be seen from the fact that the rainy season near the seashore lasted nearly nine months, and the mountains actually seemed to have been the home of rain. In October the fierce tornado began, making the mighty forest tremble to its base; and often the old giant trees, unable to stand its force, fell, carrying everything before them. The loud crash of a hundred trees upon which it fell filled the forest. The tornado is followed by terrific thunder and most vivid lightning, and many a time, for several consecutive hours, there was no cessation even of a few seconds, and torrents of rain incessantly descended till morning.

In the morning, at the dawn of daylight, we all got up, food was cooked, we took a scanty breakfast, walked or travelled till noon, rested or cooked our food for about an hour, and then on the march again until nearly sunset. When we halted for the night the first thing to be done was for the men and women to gather firewood, large leaves to roof our sheds, and cut sticks for the building of these sheds, for I had no tent with me, it being impossible to carry heavy baggage through the forest. All these were so plentiful in the forest, that all were generally collected in less than half an hour. Some running little rivulets were close by, so that we could get our water. Then we built great fires and made ourselves comfortable, and were always careful to build the fires in such a manner that the rains of the night would not extinguish them. A long part of the evening was generally spent by me in

preparing the skins of birds and animals I had shot.

In order to explore the country my duty was first to make friends with the chief and people of the seacoast, and to learn their language. Then after a while these people would take me to the people of the next tribe; here I would make friends again and try my way further and get new porters; one language or a dialect would carry me through three or four tribes, then I had to stop and learn another dialect. There are no beasts of burden; man, or woman rather, is the only beast of burden. Paths lead from one village to another, consequently from one tribe to another; sometimes some of these are little used on account of war and enmity between villages or tribes; then they can hardly be seen and are almost at times quite lost in the jungle, so the utmost caution and all the skill of my men was necessary in order that we should not lose our way. In addition to these there are paths leading to plantations—which come to a sudden termination—and hunting tracks. Woe to the man who loses his way! Many of the villages are small and they are often far apart, so that no party of several hundred men could traverse the country without bringing famine, and finding themselves famished for want of procuring sufficient food; hence they would have to take the food by force, and their advance would be heralded by the war cries and the hostility of the natives as they made their appearance, and one bloody conflict after another would be sure to happen.

The advice of my old friend King Quengueza, of which I often proved the truth, ran thus:—

Now listen to what I say—you will visit many strange tribes. If you see on the road or in the streets of a village a fine bunch of plantains with ground nuts lying by its side, do not touch them, leave the village at once; this is a tricky village, for the people are on the watch to see what you will do with them. If the people of any village tell you to go and catch fowls or goats, or cut plantains for yourself, say to them, "Strangers do not help themselves: it is the duty of the host to catch the goat or fowl and to cut the plantains, and bring the present to the house that has been given to the guest." When a house is given to you in any village, keep to that house, and go into no other; and if you see a seat do not sit upon it, for there are seats which none but the owners can sit upon. But, above all, beware of women! I tell you these things that you may journey in safety.

The food of the country is maize, sweet

potatoes, plantains, yams, cassava (manioc), pumpkins, and ground nuts. The two first do not go far inland. Man is comparatively scarce in this great wilderness; the population is divided into a great number of tribes; I have myself been among thirty-five of them. The tribes are subdivided into clans. The people in many parts of the country live in an almost permanent state of war.

Polygamy and slavery are well-established institutions; most men own slaves, but the slaves must belong to some other tribe; no raids are made upon villages for the single purpose of procuring slaves. The children of slaves are not slaves, but form a class of their own. Parents in many cases, with the consent of their respective families, can sell their children.

The more powerful a man is, the more slaves and wives he possesses. Idol worship, the belief in good and evil spirits, in the power of fetiches, and of incantation, are prevalent everywhere. But there is a curse probably greater than slavery itself; it is the belief of the people in the power of witchcraft. Woe to the man who is believed to be a wizard, or to the woman who is supposed to be a witch; nothing but the ordeal of drinking the mboundou can expiate the crime, and fortunate indeed are those who pass safely through this ordeal, for this mboundou is a most powerful poison.

The most characteristic point about the negro tribes I have met is their great eagerness and love for trade. The fortunate or unfortunate man who kills an elephant and lives far inland has to wait a long time, often several years, before he gets goods in exchange for his ivory. The tusk either comes down the river or by the paths which lead from one village or tribe to another, and the journey takes a long time.

Trade is carried on by barter in the following manner: The tribes along the seashore are succeeded by one tribe after another in the interior. Each of the tribes claims the right of way, and assumes to itself the privilege of acting as go-between or middle-man to those next to it, and charges a heavy commission for this office, and no infraction of this rule is permitted. The lucky owner of a tusk is obliged by the laws of trade to intrust it to some man he knows in the next tribe nearer the coast. This one in turn forwards or takes it to the next chief or friend. So the ivory often passes through a dozen hands or more before it reaches the coast. But this is only half the evil. Although the producer

trusts his ivory, this trade is carried on entirely on credit, and no securities are given.

The ivory of the coast is said to be the finest obtained in western Africa, and is or was very plentiful in the days I speak of, about one hundred thousand pounds coming from the Gaboon alone yearly. Many of the ivory tusks find their way from the interior to the seashore from a long distance.

Now when the last black fellow disposes of his tusk of ivory to the white merchant, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the return for his *valuable* services, and transfers the remainder of the goods to the next man or tribe in the series. He, in turn, takes a commission for his trouble in the transaction and passes on what is left, and so, finally, a very small remainder is handed to the fellow who killed the elephant, and the amount he receives is a very small one compared with the goods received on the coast. Slaves are sold in the same manner. Each man generally waits for the proceeds. The creditor in such case lives with the debtor; he is an honored guest, and while waiting, the host gives him one of his own wives — a hospitable custom in this part of Africa, which a man is always expected to observe towards his visitors. Whenever I entered a village, the chief always made haste to place a part, often all his wives, at my service. Time is literally of no account to an African. A friend's village is as jolly a place as any village of his own country, and perhaps in a few months his goods would come. So the days go on pleasantly.

Among the most curious tribes or people I discovered in that great forest were the cannibals and the dwarfs.

The cannibal tribes with which I came in contact were the Fans and the Oshebas. They are the finest, bravest-looking negroes I saw in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them, though I afterwards saw other Fan tribes whose members had not the fine air of these mountaineers.

The strangest thing about the Fans is their constant encroachments upon the land westward. They were much lighter in color than any of the coast tribes, strong, tall, and well-made, and evidently active. The men were almost naked, and wore no cloth about the middle, but instead, the soft inside bark of a tree, over which in front was suspended the skin of some wild-cat or other animal. They had their teeth filed, which gives the face a ghastly and ferocious look, and some had their

teeth blackened besides. All the Fans wore queues. Their hair or "wool" was drawn out into long, thin plaits; on the end of each stiff plait were strung some white beads, or copper or iron rings. Some wore feather caps, but others wore long queues made of their own wool and a kind of tow, dyed black and mixed with it, and giving the wearer a strange appearance.

The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were much smaller than they, and, with the exception of the inhabitants of Fernando Po, who are called Boobies, I never saw such ugly women as these. These, too, had their teeth filed, and most had their bodies, like those of the men, painted red, by means of a dye obtained from the bar-wood. They carried their babies on their backs in a sling or rest made of some kind of tree-bark and fastened to the neck of the mother.

The king was a ferocious-looking fellow whose body was painted red, and whose face, chest, stomach, and back were tattooed in a rude but very effective manner.

The queue of Ndiayai, the king, was the biggest of all, and terminated in two tails, in which were strung brass rings, while the top was ornamented with white beads. Brass anklets jingled as he walked. The front of his middle-cloth was a fine piece of genetia-skin. His beard was plaited in several plaits, which also contained white beads, and stuck out stiffly from the face.

The queen was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of the Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. Her entire body was tattooed in the most fanciful manner; her skin, from long exposure, had become rough and knotty. She wore two enormous iron anklets — iron being a very precious metal with the Fan — and had in her ears a pair of copper ear-rings two inches in diameter, and very heavy. These had so weighed down the lobes of her ears that I could have put my little finger easily into the holes through which the rings were run.

All the Fan villages are strongly fenced or palisaded, and by night a careful watch is kept. They have also a little native dog, whose sharp bark is the signal of some one approaching from without. The villages are as a rule neat and clean, the streets being swept, and all garbage — except, indeed, the well-picked bones of their human victims — is thrown out.

Signs of cannibalism, in piles of human bones, mixed up with other offal, thrown at the sides of several houses, were seen everywhere.

The villages consisted mostly of a single

street from six hundred to eight hundred yards long, on each side of which were built the houses. The latter were small, being only eight or ten feet long, five or six wide, and four or five in height, with slanting roofs. They were made of bark, and the roofs were of a kind of matting made of the leaves of a palm-tree. The doors run up to the eaves, about four feet high, and there were no windows.

As blacksmiths they very far surpass all the tribes of this region who have not come in contact with the whites. Their warlike habits have made iron a most necessary article to them; and though their tools are very simple, their patience is great, and they produce some very neat workmanship.

These cannibals have a great diversity of arms. I saw men armed with cross-bows, from which are shot either iron-headed arrows, or the little, but really most deadly, poison-tipped arrows. These are so light that they would blow away if simply laid in the groove of the bow. To prevent this they use a kind of sticky gum, a lump of which is kept on the under side of the bow, and with which a small spot in the groove is lightly rubbed. The handle of the bow is ingeniously split, and by a little peg, which acts as a trigger, the bow-string is disengaged, and, as the spring is very strong, sends the arrow to a great distance, and, light as it is, with great force. They are good marksmen with their bows, which require great strength to bend. They have to sit on their haunches, and apply both feet to the middle of the bow, while they pull with all their strength on the string to bend it back.

The larger arrows have an iron head, something like the sharp barbs of a harpoon. These are used for hunting wild beasts, and are about two feet long. But the more deadly weapon is the little, insignificant stick, not more than twelve inches long, and simply sharpened at one end. This is the famed poison-arrow — a missile which bears death wherever it touches, if only it pricks a pin's point of blood. The poison is made of the juices of a plant which was not shown me. They dip the sharp ends of the arrows several times in this sap, and let it get thoroughly dried into the wood. It gives the point a red color. The arrows are very carefully kept in a little bag, made neatly of the skin of some wild animal. They are much dreaded among the neighboring tribes, as they can be thrown or projected with such power as to take effect at a distance of

fifteen yards, and with such velocity that you cannot see them at all till they are spent.

Over their shoulders was suspended the huge country knife, and in their hands were spears and the great shield of elephant-hide, and about the necks and bodies of all was hung a variety of fetiches and greegrees, which rattled as they walked.

The Fan shield is made of the hide of an *old* elephant, and only of that part which lies across the back. This, when dried and smoked, is hard and almost as impenetrable as iron. The shield is about three feet long by two and a half wide.

Some bore on their shoulders the terrible war-axe, one blow of which quite suffices to split a human skull. Some of these axes, as well as their spears and other iron-work, were beautifully ornamented with scroll-work, and wrought in graceful lines and curves which spoke well for their artisans.

The war-knife, which hangs by the side, is a terrible weapon for a hand-to-hand conflict, and, as they explained to me, is designed to thrust through the enemy's body; they are about three feet long. There is another huge knife also worn by some of the men. This is over a foot long, by about eight inches wide, and is used to cut down through the shoulders of an adversary.

Then there is a very singular pointed axe, which is thrown from a distance. When thrown it strikes with the *point* down, and inflicts a terrible wound. The object aimed at with this axe is the head, and they use it with great dexterity. The point penetrates to the brain, and kills the victim immediately; and then the round edge of the axe is employed to cut off the head, which is borne away by the victor as a trophy.

Many of the men wore a smaller knife — but also rather unwieldy — which served the various offices of a jack-knife, a hatchet, and a table-knife.

The spears, which are six to seven feet in length, are thrown with great force and great accuracy of aim. They make the long, slender rod fairly whistle through the air. Most of them can throw a spear effectively to the distance of from twenty to thirty yards.

In the midst of this great forest I discovered, in the year 1865, some of the dwarf or pygmy tribes. I had heard of these people for the first time in the Apingi country, under the name of Ashongas; among the Ashangos they are called, however, Obongos. From the loose and

exaggerated descriptions I had heard, I had given no more credence to the report of the existence of these dwarf tribes than to that of men with tails, who had stools with a hole in them for their tails to be put through, or to the stories of the Sapadi, or cloven-footed men.

The first positive proof I had of the veracity of the natives in this part occurred in the following manner: While I was traversing the wild forest of the Ashango country we came suddenly upon a cluster of most extraordinary diminutive huts, which I should have passed by, thinking them to be some kind of fetich-houses, if I had not been told by my guides that we might meet in this district with villages of a tribe of dwarf negroes, who are scattered about the Ishogo and Ashango countries and other parts further east. The huts were of a low and oval shape; the highest part—that nearest the entrance—was about four feet from the ground; the greatest breadth was about four feet also. On each side were three or four sticks for the man and woman to sleep upon. The huts were made of flexible branches of trees, bent almost into a circle with both ends fixed in the ground, the longest branches being in the middle, and the others successively shorter, the whole being covered with large leaves.

So far as my experience goes they are scattered through the great forest. At times several of these villages are situated near each other. Sometimes I could see that a village had just been abandoned, while others were inhabited, but the people were all out on hunting or fishing expeditions or excursions.

These dwarfs were afterwards seen by the German explorer Schweinfurth—who kindly mentioned me as their discoverer—subsequently also by Dr. Junker, and lastly by Mr. Stanley.

The dwarfs were very shy with me, and I had great difficulty in approaching them; but on one occasion we suddenly came upon twelve huts of this strange tribe, in a retired nook in the forest, scattered without order, and covering altogether only a very small space of ground. When we approached them no sign of a living creature was to be seen, and, in fact, we found them deserted.

Leaving the abandoned huts, we continued our way through the forest; and presently, within a distance of a quarter of a mile, we came on another village, composed, like the last, of about a dozen ill-constructed shelters. The dwellings had

been newly made, for the branches of trees of which they were formed had still their leaves on them, quite fresh. We approached with the greatest caution, in order not to alarm the wild inmates, my Ashango guides holding up a bunch of beads in a friendly way, and shouting, "Do not run away, the spirit has come with us to give you beads;" but all our care was fruitless, for the men, at least, were gone when we came up. Their flight was very hurried. We hastened to the huts, and luckily found three old women and one young man, who had not had time to run away, besides several children, the latter hidden in one of the huts.

The little holes which serve as doors to the huts were closed by fresh-gathered branches of trees stuck in the ground, showing that the owners were absent, and no one was permitted to enter.

The color of these people was a dirty yellow, much lighter than the Ashangos who surround them, and their eyes had an untamable wildness about them that struck me as very remarkable. In their whole appearance, physique, and color, and in their habitations, they are totally unlike the Ashangos or other tribes amongst whom they live. The Ashangos, indeed, are very anxious to disown kinship with them. They do not intermarry with them; but declare that the Obongos intermarry among themselves, sisters with brothers, doing this to keep the families together as much as they can. The smallness of their communities, and the isolation in which the wretched creatures live, must necessitate close interbreeding. Their foreheads are exceedingly low and narrow, and they have prominent cheekbones; but I did not notice any peculiarity in their hands or feet, or in the position of the toes, or in the relative length of their arms to the rest of their bodies; but their legs appeared to be rather short in proportion to their trunks; the palms of their hands seemed quite white. The hair of their heads grows in very short, curly tufts, like that of the bushmen of South Africa, to whom they seem closely related; this is the more remarkable as the Ashangos and neighboring tribes have rather long and thick hair on their heads, which enables them to dress it in various ways; with the Obongos the dressing of the hair in masses or plaits, as is done by the other tribes, is impossible. The only dress they wear consists of pieces of home-made cloth which they buy of the Ashangos, or which these latter give them out of pure kindness, for I observed that it was quite

a custom of the Ashangos to give their own worn *denguis* to these poor Obongos.

The Ashangos and other tribes like the presence of this curious people near their villages because the Obongo men are very expert and nimble in trapping wild animals and fish in the streams, the surplus of which, after supplying their own wants, they sell to their neighbors in exchange for plantains, and also for iron implements, cooking utensils, water-jugs, and all manufactured articles of which they stand in need.

The woods near their villages are so full of traps and pitfalls that it is dangerous for any but trained woodsmen to wander about in them; I always took care not to walk back from their village by night.

The Obongos never remain long in one place. They are eminently a migratory people, moving from place to place whenever game becomes scarce. But they do not wander very far; that is, the Obongos who live within the Ashango territory do not go out of that territory—they are called the Obongos of the Ashangos—those who live among the Njavi are called Obongo-Njavi—and the same with other tribes. Obongos are said to exist very far to the east, as far, in fact, as the Ashangos or their slaves have any knowledge. I was surprised at the kindness, almost the tenderness, shown by the Ashangos to their diminutive neighbors. The Obongo language is a mixture of what was their own original language and the languages of the various tribes among whom they have resided for many years or generations past. The tallest dwarf I saw was 5 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in height. The others varied from 4 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 4 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. I measured a woman 3 feet 9 inches, but this was a great exception.

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MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.
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CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIE IS TOLD HOW HE STANDS.

If there is one thing that women enjoy more than another, it is making a man who loves them thoroughly angry and unhappy. Perhaps, therefore, the exhilaration which Marcia felt while she and her son were being drawn up the zigzags of the St. Gothard Pass in a travelling car-

riage was not to be accounted for wholly and solely by the causes to which she was pleased to ascribe it, and it may be assumed that she was both sincere and mendacious when she exclaimed, "What a blessing it is to have shaken off those outsiders! Now our holidays will begin again."

Willie concurred in the sentiment without being fully persuaded of its genuineness. For some time after he and his mother had once more established themselves at a high level above the sea he scrutinized the daily arrivals with apprehension; but his fears were not justified by events, and if Marcia entertained some unacknowledged hopes, these also remained unfulfilled. After all, she did not much care. Her friend was probably affronted, but he would recover himself in due season, and for the time being Willie had certainly a prior claim upon her. Archdale was his own master, and could see her whenever it might suit him to seek her out; but her poor boy had, for the present, many masters, one of whom kept a school which reassembled early in September. So she placed herself unreservedly at Willie's disposition, and visited all the places which he expressed a wish to visit, though some of these were not very comfortable, and they were quite happy together until the shadow of the inevitable parting began to fall upon them. Geneva, which had been the scene of their reunion, was also that of their severance. They kept up their spirits as well as they could until the last evening, when Marcia's tears were no longer to be restrained.

"Oh, how dreadful it all is!" she exclaimed. "If I were going to see you again at Christmas I shouldn't mind half so much; but my turn won't come round until Easter, and the Easter holidays are so short!"

The boy looked down, not trusting himself to speak. He was of an age at which the male creature of northern blood is supposed to have given up crying forever; yet he could not look forward into the future without sensations which brought him within perilous distance of disgracing his incipient manhood. At length, however, he regained self-command enough to ask: "Won't you come home any more then, mother?"

"Don't call me 'mother'!" exclaimed Marcia. "You have taken to it lately, and I don't like it. Let me be 'mummy' still when we are alone, and when no one can hear us or laugh at us for being childish. No, dear; England isn't home to me

now, and perhaps it never will be again. Florence is more my home than any other place; but no place can be really home without you. It would break my heart if I thought you looked upon your father's house as your home."

As far as that danger went, her heart was likely to remain whole, and so Willie assured her. He had not yet seen his father's house, nor had he the slightest wish to make acquaintance with it. He would prefer spending his holidays at Blaydon, he said, unsatisfactory though Blaydon was as a holiday resort. It had, however, been arranged that he should pass a night in Keppel Street on his way back to school, and Marcia, when she put him into the train, could not refrain from giving him a word of caution, between her sobs, which was perhaps superfluous.

"You need not say anything to your father about our having met Mr. Archdale and Mr. Drake," she said. "I don't think he likes them very much."

Willie nodded. He thought it fair to add on his own score, "Mr. Drake isn't such a bad sort, you know."

Thus Marcia was moved to laughter as well as tears, and the last impression of her which her son carried away when the train moved out of the station was that of a lovely woman whose emotions were no more under her control than those of a child, and for whom his love was rapidly becoming akin to that which is the prerogative of childhood. Willie was a boy like other boys, and his master did not consider him at all precocious; yet he was able to take his mother's measure with tolerable accuracy. She might do things which are not generally esteemed to be quite right, he thought; but she would never do wrong intentionally, and though the whole world should unite in condemning her, he at least would always be upon her side. And, indeed, he never swerved from that resolution, notwithstanding the trials to which it was subjected in after years.

At intervals during the long journey he rehearsed the conversation which he might expect to have with his father, and made up his mind as to what he would say and what he would leave unsaid. Amongst other things, he intended to mention that, in his opinion, his mother required somebody to take care of her. Suppose she were to fall ill all alone there in Italy? Or suppose some ruffianly foreigners should have the audacity to insult her? Eventually he himself would be in a position to afford her the protection of which she stood in need; but for the present

somebody surely ought to replace him. The poor little man really thought that these sage suggestions might pave the way for a possible reconciliation.

But when he reached Charing Cross his eyes searched the platform in vain for the tall, stooping figure which he had expected to descry there. Instead of it, he presently became aware of the ponderous form of Sir George Brett; and Sir George, who was clad in black from hat to boots, looked strangely solemn. He said, in a subdued voice very unlike that in which he was wont to address the world at large, —

"Come away with me, my boy; the servants will see to your luggage. You are to sleep at my house to-night."

Willie was frightened, without quite knowing why. He glanced interrogatively at his uncle, who, however, avoided meeting his eyes, and vouchsafed no further explanation until they had seated themselves in the brougham which was waiting for them. Sir George did not half like the task which had been delegated to him by his wife; but, to do him justice, he never shirked unpleasant duties, and he set to work upon this one with such delicacy as Heaven had granted him. After clearing his voice and blowing his nose noisily, he began, —

"My boy, I have bad news for you. Your poor father has not been himself for some weeks past; latterly your aunt and I have become uneasy about him, and now our worst fears have been — well, yes; I may say that they have been more than verified by events."

"Is he dead?" asked Willie, in an awestruck voice.

"Yes, my boy, he is dead," answered Sir George, looking away and repressing a strong inclination to stop the carriage and jump out. "If the question is put to me point-blank, what other answer can I make? I can't tell a direct falsehood about it, you know."

This expostulation was perhaps addressed rather to the absent Caroline than to his interlocutor, who received the startling intelligence with a composure which Sir George was not quite sure whether to admire or to be shocked at. It was a comfort that the boy did not stuff his fists into his eyes and howl; but at the same time some display of filial affection and sorrow would have been appropriate. As a matter of fact, Willie had never been able to feel much love for his stern, reticent father; but in any case there would not have been room in his mind at that first moment for other emotions than amaze-

ment and incredulity. After he had been briefly informed of the accident which had occurred, and after he had confused his uncle a little by inquiring what connection there was between that accident and his father's state of health, his thoughts naturally turned to his mother, and he asked whether she knew what had happened.

"She knows by this time," Sir George replied. "I telegraphed to her as soon as I could get her address, which, however, I was not able to obtain immediately. I have as yet received no reply. Decency," added Sir George, "compelled me to telegraph; but—er—I scarcely anticipate that she will think it necessary to return to this country."

Willie abstained from further questions. Had he shown more curiosity he probably would not have heard that his uncle and aunt differed from the coroner's jury, because Sir George was both a prudent man and in some respects a merciful one; but certainly no effort would have been made to conceal from him the low esteem in which his mother was held by the relatives of her late husband. Perhaps he guessed as much, and for that reason kept silence.

Sir George's gloomy town house looked gloomier than usual; for the blinds were drawn down, and the furniture was swathed in brown holland, and the stair-carpet had been taken up.

"We shall go down to Blaydon to-morrow afternoon," Sir George said. "Your aunt has not accompanied me to London; she has of course been greatly upset by this terrible business, and it would not have been safe for her to incur the fatigue of the journey. But she begged me to give you her love and to say that she hopes to keep you with her until—until a proper interval has elapsed and you can return to school."

Dinner, for which Willie had very little appetite, was served with due solemnity in the vast, dimly lighted dining-room. In the course of the meal it transpired that Mr. Brett's funeral was to take place on the morrow; also that a telegram had arrived from Geneva.

"As I supposed," observed Sir George, "your mother does not intend coming to England. And I am bound to say that I do not see what good purpose could have been served by her doing so."

"Of course she couldn't have been here in time," said Willie, feeling that he ought to stand up for his mother, who, it seemed, was being accused of a callousness which was only to be expected of her.

"In time for the funeral, you mean?"

Well, no; nor perhaps, under the circumstances, would it have been desirable for her to attend, even if she had been able to do so. I am glad, however, that it is in your power to pay that last tribute of respect to your father's memory."

The late police-magistrate had been a man to whom tributes of respect were doubtless due, and many people must have thought so, for his coffin was followed to the grave by a long string of legal celebrities. None of these gentlemen would have described themselves as his friends; but they had been well acquainted with him, they had held a high opinion of his professional ability and personal integrity, and as most of them had outstripped him in the race for success, they had no reason to speak of him in other than flattering terms. Not even the presence of so large and honorable a concourse, however, could prevent the obsequies, which were solemnized in wind and driving rain, from being mournful and forlorn in the extreme. A solitary wreath, sent up from Blaydon by Lady Brett, reposed upon the coffin; but nobody else had happened to remember a custom which has now become universal, nor did any tears fall into the dead man's grave. Willie, who was made to walk alone as chief mourner, looked pale and a little scared, but did all that he was told to do, and was patted encouragingly on the shoulder by sundry elderly gentlemen, who probably wished him to understand that they sympathized with him, although they had not any appropriate remarks at command. The boy's mind was busy (as the minds of boys mostly are) with reflections and speculations which would have caused great astonishment to his unimaginative uncle, had he given utterance to them; but he held his peace, and when the melancholy ceremony was at an end, Sir George, with a sigh of relief, put him into the brougham which was in attendance, saying,—

"Now we'll drive straight to the station; the express will get us home in plenty of time for dinner." He added, in what he intended to be kindly accents, "Blaydon will be your home now, you know, Willie."

That this was no mere figure of speech was explained to him later in the day by his aunt, who said, "It was your poor dear father's wish that we should treat you as our own child, and I hope you know that his wishes will always be sacred to us. You must try to be a good boy and grow up into a good man, as he was. Then you will understand, although you may not under-

stand it yet, that Providence overrules all things for the best."

Willie quite intended to be as good as the frailty of human nature would permit him to be, and was not concerned to dispute the beneficent wisdom of Providence. At the same time he felt no great inclination to regard Blaydon as his home or his uncle and aunt as his parents; besides which, he remembered what others appeared to have forgotten, that one of his natural parents was still living. "I shall sometimes go to mamma in the holidays, shan't I?" he asked.

Lady Brett sighed and made the sort of answer which her Majesty's ministers usually make when inconvenient questions are put to them.

"Your uncle will do what is right and what is for your good," she replied. "It is time to dress for dinner now."

Now, was it right and was it for Willie's good that he should be allowed to see anything at all of the wicked woman who, for his misfortune, was his mother? Lady Brett was decidedly of opinion that it was neither the one nor the other, and she expressed herself in unequivocal terms to that effect during a conjugal conference which was held the next morning after the post had come in. The post had brought Sir George a letter from Marcia to which exception could not very well be taken. Marcia, who evidently wrote under the influence of strong emotion, said she was quite aware that she had not been a good wife. She did not expect her husband's relations to absolve her or think kindly of her; she only begged them to believe that she had been grieved as well as shocked by the news of his tragic death, and that if it had been possible for her to foresee how near his end was, she would never have left him.

"In other words," was Lady Brett's comment upon this confession, "she is sorry to have made an unnecessary scandal now that she has obtained her release. You need not trouble yourself to defend her, George; nobody denies that she is pretty, and nobody doubts that a pretty woman will be pardoned by any man, however advanced in years he may be."

"My dear Caroline," returned Sir George, with some asperity, "Marcia's beauty has no more to do with the matter than my age. The question which I have to consider is whether her conduct, so far, has been such as to justify my forbidding all communication between her and her child."

"Her conduct, so far, has been almost

as bad as it could have been; but I dare say it will be worse before long. I know for a fact that that man Archdale followed her to Italy, and I believe that they have since met in Switzerland. I suppose she will marry him now, if he will consent to marry her. I am not, I hope, uncharitable, but it is our duty as Christians to discharge the task which has been intrusted to us in a Christian manner, and how can we hope to do so if our efforts are to be perpetually undermined by the influence of such a woman as that? I certainly understood from what you told me, George, that poor Eustace wished the boy to be removed from his mother's reach, and that you yourself only consented to act as his guardian upon the condition that you were to have undisputed control over him."

Sir George scratched his ear and answered, "Yes, yes; but it isn't such a simple affair as you think. You and I may have our own opinion of Marcia; you and I may be convinced that she is morally responsible for Eustace's death; but we can't prove anything of the sort, and although perhaps I have a legal right to separate her from the boy against her will, the fact remains that I shall most likely get into a deuce of — that is, into a very disagreeable row by insisting upon my right. I should be more inclined to wait a bit and see how things go. It is not improbable that she may cut the knot of the difficulty of her own accord before long."

"By marrying that artist, you mean?"

"Exactly so. The artist, we may assume, will not be anxious to be saddled with a stepson, and I should think that Marcia will not be such a fool as to ruin the lad's prospects. She will have to choose between providing for him and letting me provide for him, you see."

"In that case," observed Lady Brett musingly, "I have no doubt that she will be selfish enough to give him up."

People's ideas of what constitutes selfishness and unselfishness are apt to differ; but it was, at all events, certain that no credit for virtue of any kind would be allowed by Caroline to her sister-in-law, and Sir George was glad to avoid further discussion. He wanted an heir and had resolved that Willie should be his heir; but he did not want to have more fuss about it than could be helped. He took an early opportunity of saying to Willie — not unkindly, yet with a certain dryness of manner which he always used instinctively in treating of business affairs:

"It is right and proper that you should

know how you stand. Your father has nominated me as your sole guardian. That is to say that until you reach the age of one-and-twenty I shall manage your small property for you and you will be entirely subject to me. You will not, I think, find me tyrannical. I shall endeavor to do my duty, and I hope that you will endeavor to do yours."

Willie did not reply; but as his demeanor plainly showed that he had some observation to make, his uncle said encouragingly, "Well, speak out, my boy; what is it?"

"I would rather not be subject to anybody except my mother," answered Willie, looking down.

"Quite natural," returned Sir George, with generous toleration; "but you must remember this: it was your father's decision, not mine, that you should be taken away from your mother, and that your home should be with us. He had reasons for so deciding which you are not yet old enough to understand, but which will be explained to you later if you wish it. Personally, I may say that I think them sound reasons."

Willie was quite old enough to understand them. What he did not understand, and what he was chiefly anxious to find out, was the extent to which he was bound by his father's decision. "Shan't I be allowed to go to my mother when she wants me?" he asked, a little tremulously.

"I am not prepared to say that," answered Sir George; "I must be guided by circumstances. Anything that I can conscientiously do to gratify you I will do; but you now know what your position is, and your best plan, believe me, is to accept it without murmuring."

Willie abstained from murmurs; but as for accepting his position, that he felt could only be done subject to certain mental reservations which it seemed inexpedient to state. "He will give no trouble," thought Sir George, with inward satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARCIA YIELDS.

A WOMAN who has found it impossible to live with her husband may be shocked, but can hardly be grieved by the intelligence that she has become a widow, and Marcia Brett, if she had been in any way logical or consistent, must have rejoiced in the recovery of her liberty, while deploring the melancholy event which had

been the means of restoring it to her. Consistency, however, was not a salient feature in her character; so that she shed a good many tears over the death of the man whose name she bore and whom she accused herself of having treated somewhat harshly and ungratefully. Eustace had been exceptionally provoking, there was no denying that; yet she supposed that, after his fashion and within the limits of his capabilities, he had been attached to her. Now that he was dead and gone, it was not very difficult to see his side of the case, or to admit that if he had been an unsatisfactory husband, he had also had an unsatisfactory wife. "If I had only been patient enough to bear with him a little longer!" Marcia exclaimed again and again with genuine contrition.

But it must be confessed that this penitent mood did not survive the blow inflicted upon it by a business-like letter from Sir George Brett, in which the testamentary provisions of his late brother were distinctly set forth. That these included no provision for herself did not make Marcia angry; she had her own fortune and had not expected it to be increased. But she was very indignant, and perhaps very pardonably so, at the custody of her only child being denied to her, and it was in no measured terms that she wrote to protest against so monstrous an arrangement. Sir George, who was anxious to keep the peace, pointed out in a formal but not discourteous reply that he was bound to obey his brother's instructions. Whether those instructions were wise or the reverse it was not for him to say; he would only mention that he was not prepared to set them aside. Perhaps he might take the liberty of adding that, in his opinion, Mrs. Brett would be ill-advised were she to provoke a conflict which could not but end in her discomfiture.

Thus was initiated a correspondence which was briskly sustained during many weeks, although there was little save reiteration on both sides to keep it alive. Reiteration, however, often succeeds where argument would be of no avail, and by the time that Marcia had once more settled herself in Florence for the winter, she was beginning to admit what she had not been at all disposed to admit at the outset, that Sir George was a formidable antagonist. Apparently he had the law on his side. That, of course, only showed how brutal and unjust the law is apt to be; still, its brutality and injustice cannot be amended in any given case without an act of Par-

liament. Then again there was the prospect at which this wealthy banker had more than once hinted, that his ward would in all probability be his heir. Personally, Marcia set little store by wealth; but she had seen too much of the power of money to despise it, and she naturally hesitated to deprive Willie of the very best substitute for happiness that has ever been discovered. And after all, she reflected, a boy is not like a girl; the fondest of parents cannot keep him always under their wing; perhaps it does not so very much signify whether this house or that is called their home, since in reality the greater part of their lives must be spent elsewhere. So at length she yielded a sort of dubious assent to the decree which, as she was given to understand, was unalterable, merely stipulating that she should retain the right of seeing or sending for her son as often as he should be free to obey her summons. Sir George, perceiving that victory was now within his grasp, civilly declined to make any such concession. "You must surely be aware," he wrote, "that I should fail in my duty were I to comply with your demand. I can say no more to you than I have already said to the boy himself; namely, that I must be guided by circumstances. So far as it may be in my power to oblige you, I shall be glad to do so; but I can make no bargain, nor can I relinquish in any degree the authority which has been conferred upon me."

It was on a sultry autumn evening that Marcia wandered out to the Cascine with this discouraging missive in her pocket. So far as she was concerned, Florence was at this time a desert; for she had made very few Italian acquaintances, and the English visitors, who to her represented the society of the place, had not yet put in an appearance. She sat down on a bench beneath the trees and gazed at the yellow Arno, and felt utterly lonely and miserable. At no previous period of her life had she been deprived of the solace of sympathy; there had always been somebody to whom she had been able to confide at least a part of her troubles and grievances; there had always been plenty of people willing and eager to console her when she had been out of spirits. But now, through no fault of her own, she seemed all of a sudden to have become an outcast. Willie was drifting away from her; he would drift farther and farther away as the years went on—that was an inevitable process which she could not retard nor his uncle accelerate; the friends

of bygone days had evidently forgotten her; even Laura Wetherby wrote in a stiff, formal fashion which indicated disapproval. "Though what she can find to disapprove of in me now I'm sure I don't know," thought Marcia. And of course it was not strange that, at such a moment of dejection, her thoughts should revert to the man whom she loved and whom it was no longer an offence against any law, human or divine, to love. The strange thing was that she had thought so little and so seldom of him since her husband's death. Possibly she cared more for Willie than she did for him—the point was one on which she had never felt quite positive—but, at all events, her anxiety about Willie had hitherto driven him out of her mind, and only now, when she was gradually familiarizing herself with the idea that her life must henceforth be divided from Willie's, did she begin to wonder at Archdale's prolonged silence.

"He might have written," she mused. "But perhaps he didn't know where to write."

Then suddenly there flashed across her a suspicion which caused her heart-strings to contract painfully. Flirting with a married woman is generally considered to be a dangerous sort of amusement; but do not most men affirm that a flirtation with a widow is more dangerous still? Archdale, it was true, had once told her that he loved her, and although he had never repeated the declaration with his tongue, he had repeated it many and many a time with his eyes. Nevertheless, she knew that no word in the English language is more frequently misused than "love," and a hot flush overspread her cheeks as she recalled the mixture of prudence and audacity which had always characterized Archdale's relations with her. The most humiliating thought of all was that she had not contrived to keep her own secret. Evidently he had taken fright, and evidently she had only herself to blame for his alarm. "Oh, if he would but come here!" she ejaculated inwardly. "If he would but give me the chance of convincing him that I am not quite so easily won as he imagined!"

Her aspiration was gratified with dramatic promptitude; for the very next instant somebody, who had approached noiselessly across the grass, placed his hands upon the back of the bench and exclaimed, "At last I have found you, then! I knew it must be you, though I never saw you wearing an ugly bonnet before."

Marcia was too much taken by surprise to preserve her dignity, and before she could stop herself she had told Mr. Archdale how glad she was that her solitude had been broken in upon by the unexpected advent of a friend. "I don't know why you call my bonnet ugly, though," she added; "it is of the shape that everybody is wearing now."

"It is ugly because it is black," answered Archdale, seating himself beside her. "You are right, I suppose, to display the conventional signs of mourning; but I know they can't imply any real grief, and I hope you will soon lay them aside."

Marcia was honestly shocked by the flagrant bad taste of this speech. "I don't think you quite understand," she answered. "Of course my husband and I were not upon good terms; but it does not follow that I am quite such a wretch as to rejoice at his death."

"Well," said Archdale imperturbably, "I dare say you are kind-hearted enough to be sorry. I admire you for it, though I really can't pretend to share your sentiments. We have all got to die some time or other, and, for my part, I am sincerely glad that Mr. Brett's time has come. You will admit that he treated you abominably."

Well, Marcia was certainly of that opinion; but she abstained from expressing it. By way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought Mr. Archdale to Florence, and was gratified to learn that for some weeks past he had been seeking her high and low.

"I had no means of finding out where you were," he said; "it was only as a sort of forlorn hope that I decided to push on here. You may imagine how delighted I was when I called at your old address and was told that you had returned. You haven't been home since I saw you, I suppose?"

"I have no home," answered Marcia sadly. "One thinks of England as home; but I don't know whether it will ever be home to me again. Everything has been taken from me—even my own boy——"

She was very nearly bursting into tears at this point; but she controlled herself, and presently narrated the story of her wrongs, to which her companion listened patiently, though without much apparent sympathy.

"I am afraid you will call me hard-hearted," he observed at length; "but I must confess that I see very little reason to regret an arrangement which will make

your son a rich man some fine day. As for their forbidding you to see him, that's all nonsense; they will have to let you see him if you insist upon it. But, for the boy's own sake, I shouldn't advise you to insist too often, and I should try to keep upon good terms with the banker. I quite understand that this is rather a wrench for you; only——"

"Oh, no, you don't understand!" interrupted Marcia impatiently; "you can't understand, and it was absurd of me to fancy that you could. I am sure you would be very sorry for me if I told you that I had been robbed of a few thousand pounds; but when you hear that I have lost all I care for in this world you almost congratulate me!"

Archdale looked hurt. Very likely he felt so; for in truth she had managed to wound his vanity, which was perhaps his most vulnerable point. "Oh, if that brat—that boy, I mean—is all you care for in the world," said he, "you are very much to be pitied, no doubt. But I didn't know that he was; I hoped you had some slight feeling of regard for your friends."

"My friends," answered Marcia, recovering her equanimity when she perceived how greatly she had vexed one of them, "haven't gone out of their way to display any great regard for me; my friends only remember my existence when it suits them to do so."

"I assure you that Florence is very far out of my way. At this moment three influential patrons of mine are cursing me by their gods because I have failed to keep the engagements which I have entered into with them. I think you know that I can no more forget your existence than I can forget my own; so I need not reply to that charge."

"Well, if you like, I will admit that you are the solitary exception which proves the rule. All my other friends have deserted me."

"I don't care a brass farthing about all the others," Mr. Archdale declared.

"But perhaps I do," observed Marcia, smiling.

"You said just now that you didn't. Mrs. Brett, do you remember what I said to you that evening in the Regent's Park?"

Marcia rose hastily. "Yes," she answered, "I remember. One doesn't forget such things; but one doesn't always wish to be reminded of them. I must say good-night now; I didn't know how late it was."

"May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you; I would rather drive. Perhaps, if you would be so kind, you would walk on and find a carriage for me. I will follow you slowly."

He did as he was requested, and having obtained permission to call upon her, let her depart without finishing the speech which he had begun. He was in no great hurry; he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him, and he did not think that he was in much danger of being rejected. As he sauntered back towards his hotel, he took credit to himself for having behaved in a thoroughly straightforward and honorable manner. To be sure, he was desperately in love with Marcia; still one does not always go so far as to marry the people with whom one is desperately in love, nor, when one does so, can one always hope to escape the ridicule of one's associates. However, in this instance there was, happily, nothing that could provoke a sneer from the most cynical of lookers-on. To marry a beautiful widow with £1,500 a year of her own is scarcely to make a fool of oneself.

Never since the world began has a man who was desperately in love troubled himself to ask whether his neighbors considered him a fool or not; so that it may be taken for granted that Archdale's love for Marcia Brett was not of a desperate description. He loved her, however, as much as his nature would permit him to love anybody, and, as the old nursery rhyme so truly says, "Don Fernando can't do more than he can do." Perhaps this selfish, easy-going artist had in him the makings of an excellent average husband, although he was probably better adapted to excel in the capacity of a lover.

But if he was a trifle too cool and self-possessed at this critical moment of his life, the same accusation could not be brought against Marcia, who was driven homewards in a state of tumultuous mental disturbance. She could not feel satisfied with herself; for she had by no means done what she had intended to do. So far from having snubbed the man whom she loved, she had as good as told him that his declaration was only premature. Of course he would repeat it; and when he did so, it would be impossible to disguise the truth from him. She did not exactly want to disguise it from him; yet she was keenly alive to the fact that so prompt a surrender would give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. It was easy to foretell what Caroline's comments would be and how greatly Sir George's case would be strengthened by the news

that his ward was about to be saddled with a step-father. And so the struggle, in so far as there was any struggle, seemed to narrow itself into one between Archdale and Willie. She could not bear to give up either of them; but at the bottom of her heart she knew that she would be obliged to give up one or the other.

She had arrived at no decision, and was in that fatal attitude of awaiting events which renders those who assume it so completely at the mercy of the first person who knows how to create events, when Archdale came to see her on the following day. So helpless was she that she had capitulated before his first attack was made, and her feeble efforts to prevent him from saying what he had resolved to say were as ineffectual as might have been anticipated.

"Of course I care for you," she confessed, half laughing, half crying. "I suppose you have known that all along, and I dare say you despise me for it. Oh, I know what men are; you only value the things that you can't have. If I had any sense at all I should tell you to go away. Besides, I can't help feeling that it is horrid of me to listen to you so soon."

Archdale professed himself quite unable to share that feeling of compunction. She had done her duty and more than her duty. She had lived with that detestable old man until he had virtually driven her out of his house; she had never, during his lifetime, overstepped the limits of strict propriety; and now that she was free, nobody whose opinion was worth having could dispute her right to follow the dictates of her heart. As to her unflattering estimate of mankind at large, all he could say was that, if it was accurate, he must differ very widely from his fellows. It was no hard task to persuade her that he respected as much as he loved her; but he had a good deal of resistance to contend against when he pleaded for an immediate marriage.

"I couldn't do it!" Marcia exclaimed. "I should like to wait at least a year, and I should like our engagement to be kept quite secret. It isn't only that I am afraid of Mrs. Grundy, though I don't pretend to be indifferent with regard to Mrs. Grundy; but if I were to do as you wish, that would simply mean cutting myself off from Willie altogether. These people are only too eager to find some excuse for separating us. They haven't got one now; but they will have one as soon as they are able to say that I have married a second time within three months of Eustace's

death. Women who do such things are always called horrid women, and I am not sure that they don't deserve it."

Now Archdale was by no means blind to the importance of standing well with Mrs. Grundy; but as for this threatened separation of mother and son, he really could not regard that in the light of a calamity. So he said: "If you love me as much as I love you, Marcia, you won't trouble your head about the scandal-mongers. Whether you marry me now or whether you stay on here by yourself, people who have any interest in traducing you will manage to traduce you; you may be perfectly certain of that. You can't expect me to accept a sentence of a year's banishment from you, and nothing else would be of the slightest use. It is far better to give people something definite to talk about; the worst that they can say of you is that you haven't taken Mr. Brett's death very much to heart. Well, as they already knew that you were not on speaking terms with him, they can't very well magnify that into a crime."

By means of these and other arguments he carried his point in the end. Or else he carried it because he had to deal with an opponent to whom one argument was neither better nor worse than another. Marcia could not at that time have refused him anything that he begged for; added to which, she had quite realized when she accepted him that in so doing she was handing Willie over to Sir George and Lady Brett. She had taken the plunge; she had made the sacrifice; her chief desire now was to avoid thinking about it.

Nevertheless, she did not enjoy writing a letter which had to be despatched to Farnborough a few days later, and of which some passages were rendered almost illegible by reason of sundry suspicious blots and splashes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIE HEARS TOO MUCH.

As one hurries along the road of life towards the graveyard which is our common goal, one pauses every now and again to cast a backward glance over one's shoulder at the dim landscape of the past. It is a queer, confused sort of view that one obtains at such times; near objects look remote; distant ones stand out with unnatural clearness; not a few which ought to be visible have vanished altogether. But certain landmarks there always are (they belong for the most part to the first stage of the journey), of which

every detail remains distinct up to the very end, and amongst these Willie Brett will never fail to count the arrival of that letter from Florence of which mention was made in the last chapter.

It was a misty November afternoon; he had been playing football and was changing his muddy flannels in a room set apart for that purpose. One of the boys flung a wet towel at him which, by a sad mischance, missed its aim and, catching the matron full in the face, wound itself round her head, so that for an instant or two her just indignation could only find vent in muffled sounds of which the meaning had to be conjectured. But when once her mouth was free she spoke, and her remarks were very much to the point. She was going, it appeared, to complain straightway of Master Brown for his ungentelemanly behavior: "And has for you, Master Brett, I don't believe but what you're just as bad as the rest of 'em. Settin' gigglin' there like a common ploughboy! You ought to know better — and you so 'igh up in the school too! Oh, there's a furrin letter come for you, Master Brett," she added, fumbling in her pocket. "'Ere, catch 'old of it; and next time you write to your mar you can tell her that your manners isn't what they should be; though the Lord knows I've taken trouble enough with you!"

Willie did not tear open the envelope at once, but presently carried it off to the schoolroom and, seating himself at the desk which was his property for the time being, threw up the heavy wooden lid, which he propped upon his head — that being the nearest approach to privacy obtainable in the establishment. It was always understood that a boy who assumed this posture was occupied with urgent private affairs and did not wish to be interrupted. Well, it was a very lucky thing that the schoolroom happened to be empty at that hour; for when he had finished reading what his mother had to tell him, Willie quite forgot his advanced age, and the sheet of paper which had already been besprinkled by the tears of a still older person received two more great drops. And although, perhaps, it was not very manly of him to cry, nobody will be inclined to deny that he had something to cry about. He was not much surprised that his mother should be going to marry a man for whom he personally entertained no sentiments of affection; but he was a good deal surprised and not a little shocked to hear that the marriage was to take place so soon. Like St. Paul, he doubted the

expediency of second marriages in the abstract, and he had always supposed that people who had decided upon that questionable step waited at least until they were out of mourning before taking it. Of course, however, it was not so much the unconventionality of the proceeding that distressed him as the conviction that, in forming this new tie, his mother had made up her mind to cast him off. The whole tone of her letter, which was apologetic and abounded in expressions of love and regret, showed that she recognized that as a necessity. She did not speak of seeing him during his holidays; she did not seem to look forward to any prospect of doing so; she even affected to believe that he would be happier in an English country-house, than she could have hoped to make him while wandering about the Continent. "Only," she added, "I hope you will think of me sometimes; for you may be sure that I shall always be thinking of you."

The boy was hurt and disappointed, as well he might be. He had not inherited his mother's jealous temperament, nor did he expect her to live solely for him; yet it was painful to him to know that he no longer held the first place in her heart, and scarcely less painful to read her abdication in favor of his uncle and aunt, whom he was enjoined to treat with submission and respect. "And you must not mind what they say about me," Marcia had judged it prudent to write; "because they are sure to be angry with me at first. They will come round in time, I dare say."

If they were angry, they refrained from expressing their emotions by post. About a week later Willie received one of the dry, carefully worded epistles which his aunt was in the habit of addressing to him from time to time, and in the course of it occurred the following brief passage:—

"News has reached us of your mother's marriage to Mr. Archdale. I understand that she informed you of her intentions. I hope, my dear Willie, that, young as you are, you know how certain it is that Providence overrules *all things* for our good, and that you will not, therefore, rebel against what may at first sight look to you like a misfortune."

That was the only intimation that he had of the fulfilment of his mother's intentions. She did not write to him again, nor did he know whether she had left Florence or not. Weeks passed away; he had his own methodical round of work and play to occupy him; if he placed no great reliance upon the intervention of

Providence in his affairs, he had common sense enough to make the best of accomplished facts. But his youth—that joyous, unthinking period which rarely runs out its natural course even with the most fortunate of us—had received its death-blow, and from being a merry, jolly sort of boy he became a somewhat serious one. His physical health, however, remained excellent; so that when Christmas came and he betook himself to Blaydon for the holidays, Sir George was delighted to welcome an heir who looked as robust as the last representative of a respectable family ought to look.

"I am going to send you to Eton at the beginning of the next half," was almost the first thing that his uncle said to him. "Your future tutor has a vacancy in his house, and from the reports that I have sent him, he has no doubt, he says, about your getting into Upper School. That's all right as far as it goes, and I'm sure I don't want you to neglect your opportunities of becoming a fair classical scholar; but I'm glad to hear that you are pretty good at games too. One kind of education is suitable for one boy and another kind for another. The chances are that you will never have to earn your own living; so it is important that you should excel in athletics. By learning such accomplishments you may form friendships with young fellows whose friendship will be valuable to you after your school and college days are at an end."

A great many boys are sent to Eton with no other object than that which Sir George Brett so frankly avowed; and although the object is seldom attained, the boys, it may be hoped, profit by their temporary residence in a sort of aristocratic republic where class distinctions meet with very little recognition. Willie neither knew nor cared anything about that; but he was glad that he was about to be sent to a public school, and he had certainly no reason to complain of his uncle and aunt, who did their best to be kind to him. Not much liberty was permitted him, nor was hilarity a prominent feature of life at Blaydon; still he had his pony, and the keeper was instructed to take him out shooting, and he was told that if at any time he should wish to invite one of his schoolfellows to spend a week with him he might do so.

Encouraged by these favors, he ventured, one day, to ask Sir George where his mother was and when he might hope to see her once more; but the reply which he obtained was by no means satisfactory.

Sir George frowned, threw back his head and answered,—

"Your mother, to the best of my belief, is in Italy; I have made no inquiries and I do not propose to make any. I cannot tell you when you will see her, or whether you will ever see her again; but this I can say—and I am very sorry to be obliged to say it—you will never see her under my roof. The subject is a painful one; I must ask you to abstain from recurring to it."

The fact was that Sir George had been far more horrified than his wife by Marcia's precipitancy. He had looked forward to her re-marriage as a highly probable event; but he had expected her to keep within the limits imposed upon widows by ordinary custom, and when he heard of what he stigmatized as a wanton violation of all common decency he was genuinely angry. Lady Brett declared that for her part she was not in the least astonished. She had never fallen into the ridiculous error of imagining that women are good because they are pretty; indeed her experience would have led her, if anything, to quite the contrary conclusion. Still she was of opinion that good might come out of evil if the eyes of those who had hitherto believed in Marcia were now opened; and when Willie, after having been rebuffed by his uncle, made an appeal to her, she was able to take up her parable quite kindly.

"My dear, I condemn nobody; I am too conscious of my own shortcomings to presume to judge others. But men are less merciful—perhaps in some ways they are more just—than we are, and I doubt whether your uncle will ever consent to receive Mrs. Archdale. He may be wrong in holding her answerable for your poor, dear father's death; but I am afraid we cannot call him wrong when he accuses her of unnaturally heartless conduct. The most charitable thing that we can do is to say nothing about her."

Under the circumstances, that seemed to be at any rate the most prudent plan to act upon, and Willie kept his thoughts to himself. He was ready, in case of his mother's demanding that he should be restored to her, to back her up to the utmost of his small ability; he was ready to run away from Blaydon or to attempt any other adventurous enterprise that might be required of him; but obviously he could not take the first step. He must have some assurance that his mother desired his company before he could venture to thrust it upon her and her new husband.

No such assurance reached him; but towards the end of January there came a very kindly invitation from Lady Wetherby, who wrote to say that her son was about to proceed to Eton and that, as she had understood that Willie was bound for the same destination, it would be pleasant for the boys to go down together. She hoped, therefore, that Sir George Brett would see no objection to his nephew's spending the last few days of the holidays with them in London. Sir George, whose respect for the aristocracy of his native land has already been hinted at, hastened to return thanks in his nephew's name and his own and to accept this friendly proposal on behalf of the former.

"I do not wish you to be a snob or a tuft-hunter, Willie," said he—for he thought that some such caution might be necessary—"your own position is quite good enough to entitle you to associate with anybody, and I dare say that you will eventually be better off than many young earls and viscounts. Nevertheless, I think that, in choosing your friends, you will do well to pay some regard to the matter of birth, and you may depend upon it that those who affect to despise birth are either silly or insincere. I should be glad to hear that you had made friends with young Lord Malton, who will inherit a very large fortune as well as an ancient title."

It is probably no bad thing for the heir to a large fortune and an ancient title that he should be well kicked in the earlier part of his career, and it will be perceived that Sir George's remarks were admirably adapted to secure for Lord Malton any advantage that may follow from that method of treatment. But Willie Brett belonged to the order of human beings who always make the best fighters; that is to say that his inclinations were quite peaceable. So he only said to himself that he hoped the other fellow wouldn't put on airs upon the strength of being an earl or a viscount or whatever he was; because in that case it would naturally become his (Willie's) duty to knock such pernicious nonsense out of him.

Happily, Lord Malton proved to be a fat, good-humored little boy upon whom no consciousness of his social importance had as yet dawned. He extended a friendly welcome to the new-comer, and, having ascertained that their tastes coincided in certain essential particulars, gave him to understand that he might make himself quite at home. But indeed that was what every member of the establishment, from its head downwards, gave him

to understand. They were very kind to him, and Lord Wetherby taught him to play billiards, and Lady Wetherby took him to the theatre and to other places of amusement, so that he had more fun during the last three days of his holidays than in all the previous ones put together. He said as much to his hostess, who laughed and replied that if he had enjoyed himself he must come again.

"But I hope you don't dislike living with your uncle and aunt, do you?" she asked, looking at him with wistful, motherly eyes; for she could not comprehend Marcia's abandonment of the boy, and it seemed to her a most melancholy thing that he should be deprived of his natural home.

"I haven't minded it so much this time," Willie answered. "They're right enough when you know them; only they aren't a bit like you and Lord Wetherby, you know. It doesn't do to speak to Aunt Caroline unless she speaks to you; and then if you make a mistake in grammar she lets you hear of it. I shouldn't like to live at Blaydon always. My mother will want me to go back to her some day, I should think," he added, coloring slightly. "Shouldn't you think so?"

"Oh, I am sure she must want you," Lady Wetherby declared; "but one can't always have what one wants, you see."

The subject, in fact, was a somewhat difficult one to discuss, and Lady Wetherby did not know the ins and outs of it; so she merely remarked: "Your mother was one of my oldest friends, and I hope she hasn't forgotten me, though she has given up writing to me of late. Now I must go and dress, or I shan't be ready in time for dinner."

But if information as to what had become of his mother, which Willie was most eager to gain, yet did not like to ask for in so many words, was not obtainable in that quarter, he accidentally heard what he wanted, and something more into the bargain, on the following morning. Malton had taken him round to the stables, and the two boys, after critically examining the horses, had entered an empty loose-box, when Lord Wetherby strolled in, accompanied by a friend who was staying in the house, and to whom he was saying, apparently in answer to some question, —

"Oh, yes, I suppose he'll come into a lot of money some fine day, poor little chap! As far as that goes, you may say that he's lucky; but it's hard lines upon him to be thrown over by his mother. I always understood that she was devoted to

the boy; but women are queer creatures; they'll give up anything and anybody for the sake of a man whom they're in love with — especially if he don't happen to be worth much. That beggar Archdale is a clever artist; but he's about the laziest rascal and the coolest hand I ever met. He undertook to do some work for me and left it three-parts finished without so much as an apology, though he hasn't forgotten to make me pay him pretty heavily on account. What with that and what with his wife's money, he feels too rich to work at present, I take it. Somebody told me the other day that he had seen them at Cannes, where they were living on the fat of the land and having a fine time of it. That sort of thing will go on, I expect, until he has got to the end of the poor woman's fortune, and tired of her face. It's a pity."

"Well," observed Lord Wetherby's friend, "perhaps when her husband has had enough of her she will have had enough of him, and then she may remember that she has a son."

"Perhaps; but I should doubt it; women invariably adore men who neglect them. Besides, old Brett, who has no children of his own, won't surrender the boy now. He has been appointed guardian, and I believe Mrs. Archdale consented to waive her claims."

Lord Wetherby and his friend remained for a few minutes longer, talking about horses, and then left the stables without having discovered the involuntary eavesdroppers, of whom one had become very red in the face, while the other had turned rather pale. Malton displayed a discretion beyond his years by making no allusion to the conversation which they had overheard, and Willie, with a dull pain at his heart from which he was not destined to be free for many a long day, tried to behave as though nothing was the matter.

It was a fortunate thing for the poor little man that the next week was such a busy and important one in his life. During the period which immediately follows one's entrance upon a public school career there is no time for brooding and not very much for thinking. Willie had to familiarize himself with the manners and customs of a place which had little in common with the Farnborough establishment; he had also to satisfy the curiosity of a great many young gentlemen who wanted to know what his name was, where he came from, and, in a general way, what was the good of him; finally, he had to pass an examination, the result of which he awaited

with anxiety. Only before he fell asleep at night had he leisure to reflect upon the perplexing cruelty of fate. What had he done that his mother should cease all of a sudden to care about him? Why should she cease to care about him because she cared more — if she really did care more — for somebody else? Had he been twenty years older, he could have answered the questions without difficulty, but perhaps also without truth. Being so young, and so unsophisticated, he could only assume that there must be some mistake, which would be set straight ere long; because, after all, Lord Wetherby's assertions, when considered calmly, were incredible. So he made up his mind that there was nothing for it but faith and patience; and he "took" middle fourth, which was respectable, if not brilliant; and gradually he shook into his place; and formed friendships, and began to enjoy life again. Nevertheless, he could not altogether free himself from that heartache which is so much more painful and so much more unnatural in boyhood than in later years.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FRUITLESS APPEAL.

"Ah, dear me!" exclaimed Archdale, removing the cigarette from between his lips in order to heave a sigh, "what a jolly place this world would be if one could do one's work by proxy!"

He was reclining in an easy-chair beneath the shade of a spreading ilex, and he looked as if he did not find this world such a very bad place to live in, notwithstanding its imperfections. Beneath him the blue Mediterranean stretched away to meet the sky; the Lerins Islands in the middle distance and the innumerable villas and hotels of Cannes in the foreground were basking under the rays of a sun which was like that of an English midsummer; upon a small table at his elbow stood two empty coffee-cups, and from the other side of it Marcia was contemplating him with happy and admiring eyes.

"Oh, but Cecil," said she, "nobody except you could do your work."

"Quite so; that's just what I complain of. Work is a most abominable nuisance; but when it has to be done with one's own hands or not done at all one must endure what can't be cured. Therefore," he added, with another sigh, "I suppose we had better hunt out Bradshaw and get our clothes packed and turn our faces towards London, like everybody else."

"Towards London!" echoed Marcia, in somewhat dismayed accents. "Do you really want to go back to London, Cecil?"

"Not one little bit, my dear; I should like to stay where I am. But one's fellow-creatures are departing, and the mosquitoes are arriving, and — well, everything must come to an end, unfortunately, including the happiest winter of one's life."

"But it need not end in a disagreeable way," returned Marcia quickly. "I do so hate the idea of showing myself in London again! And I thought one of the advantages of being an artist was that one could work anywhere."

Archdale shook his head and laughed. "One can make a sketch anywhere," he answered, "but painting a picture is another affair. Moreover, some of my pictures have to be painted upon other people's walls, you see. I must confess that I have behaved quite scandalously to your friends, the Wetherbys. However, I'll make amends now; and there's just this to be said for me, that when I do work I work hard."

Marcia could not but admit that her husband was in the right. She was too proud of him and too ambitious on his behalf to wish that he should drop out of sight, and she knew that reputations are more easily lost than maintained. At the same time, she shrank from the ordeal which a return to England must necessarily entail. She had done nothing disgraceful; yet it was certain that many people would look askance at her. Her separation from Eustace had been an awkward circumstance; the haste with which she had married again was more awkward still; most awkward of all was the fact that her present husband had been compromisingly attentive to her during the last season which she had spent in London. All this she had thought of before and had regretted — because it was excessively painful to her to forfeit the respect of her acquaintances — but latterly she had contrived to put away from her every thought and every memory that was of a nature to cause her pain. Her feeling, or what she imagined to be her feeling, was that any sacrifice made for Cecil's sake was a joy. She had been perfectly happy with him so far; she had been convinced that for the rest of her life her happiness must be bound up in his, and that was why she had never even written to Willie since her wedding day. It was better, she had thought, to cut herself off altogether and finally from the past. She had been forced to choose between old ties and new ones,

and she had made her choice. For Willie's worldly advantage she had surely chosen aright. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan who had been adopted by a rich uncle; as for herself, she was Marcia Archdale; Marcia Brett was dead and gone. But when she went out for a solitary walk that afternoon (her husband having an engagement at the Cercle Nautique which he declared that he could not possibly break) it was borne in upon her that one cannot change one's identity at will. For a month or two it may be possible to believe that there is only one person in the world whose weal or woe is of the smallest consequence; but this cannot be the truth, save in a few very rare instances, and it certainly was not the truth as regarded herself.

Along the face of the hillside above Cannes runs a narrow, open aqueduct which supplies the reservoirs whence the town draws its drinking water. Thither Marcia climbed, and, after having walked for some little distance by its banks, seated herself upon the ground in a shady spot. Then she drew from her pocket a letter which she had not read more than a dozen times, because she had found that she could not do so without crying, and because it is silly to cry when one is happy. However, the usual effect was produced upon her by the re-perusal of poor Willie's reply to her announcement of her intended marriage. It was a composition upon which much time and pains had evidently been bestowed; there was nothing in it to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive of brides or widows; but that, of course, was just what rendered it so desperately reproachful. When Marcia read again the little formal, childish phrases, every one of which she already knew by heart, she felt that she had been attempting an absolute impossibility all this time.

"Oh, my own dear boy," she exclaimed, through her tears, "I can't forget you, and I wouldn't if I could! I must see you again; I must tell you that I love you as much as ever, though I dare say you won't believe me."

And so, that evening, it came to pass that Mr. Archdale was agreeably surprised to find his wife quite eager to make a start. He knew as well as she did that they were not likely to be received with open arms on their return to their native land, and he had expected her to oppose him in the matter; but as it was really essential that he should pass a few months in London, he was grateful to her for her ready assent, the cause of which he did not surmise.

He flattered himself that her love for him had weaned her from all other affections; and this was not inexcusable on his part, seeing that she had repeatedly assured him that such was the fact.

It was soon after Easter that they reached London and took up their quarters at an hotel in Cork Street which had been recommended to them. Eton boys get a month's holiday at Easter, but that was a circumstance which Archdale had no special reason for remembering, nor did he understand his wife's anxiety to find out the exact date on which the vacation was supposed to end.

"It all depends upon whose vacation you mean," he said. "If you are thinking of the smart people, I should say that you might look forward to seeing them in about a week."

"Oh, I haven't time to see anybody!" answered Marcia, somewhat disingenuously, although it was true enough that her leisure moments were few.

They had agreed that they could not stand the discomfort and expense of an hotel for the whole season, and thus a process of house-hunting, the burden of which fell entirely upon Marcia's shoulders, was inevitable. Her husband good-naturedly told her that any house which might suit her would be sure to suit him, so that there was no occasion for him to waste time which he could employ more profitably in his studio by accompanying her on her search expeditions. These were tiring and at first disappointing; but she ended by discovering a modest mansion in South Kensington which seemed suitable for their purpose; and, on hearing her description of it, Archdale at once gave her the authority to close with the house agent's offer.

"And I think," he added, "the best plan will be for you to move in and get things straight as soon as possible. I wrote to Lord Wetherby the other day to ask when it would be convenient for him to let me finish my work at his place, and this afternoon I had an answer from him saying that I could name my own time. So, if you don't mind, I'll go now and get it over. I shall be back in less than a fortnight most likely, and I dare say you'll be glad to have me out of the way while you are settling down and engaging servants and so forth."

It was with mixed feelings that Marcia heard of this project. She had reasons of her own for being glad that her husband should leave London just then; but she did not quite like his leaving her at all,

and she was a little mortified by her exclusion from an invitation which she would have refused, had it been extended to her.

"Didn't Laura Wetherby ask me to go with you?" she inquired.

"Well, it wasn't from her that I heard, you see. Lord Wetherby's letter was a sort of business communication, and as I didn't mention you in writing to him, I suppose he forgot that I am no longer a bachelor."

"Anyhow, I couldn't have gone; so it doesn't matter," observed Marcia, who nevertheless knew that neither Lord nor Lady Wetherby could really have forgotten her existence.

But it was not of the prejudice and injustice of these old friends — for which, in truth, she had been fully prepared — that she was thinking while she set about making the South Kensington house inhabitable. As she was fond of pretty things, she would probably have spent a good deal more time upon that process had she been less feverishly eager to put herself in communication with Sir George Brett, to whom, on the second day after Archdale's departure for the north, she indited a letter so humble in tone and so modest as to its request that she did not see how any man possessed of a human heart could answer it unfavorably. All that she asked was to be allowed one interview with her son; she left it to Sir George to say when and where the interview should take place; she disclaimed any wish to interfere with existing arrangements, and she promised that she would not say a single word to the boy which might render him discontented with his lot.

This appeal she addressed to Blaydon Hall; the consequence of which was that she had to wait through two days of misery and suspense for the following reply, which was dated "Portman Square:"—

"MADAM, — Circumstances have prevented us from moving down to the country this Easter; hence my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your note. I regret that I cannot see my way to comply with the suggestion put forward therein. Both Lady Brett and I feel that we ought not to sanction any meeting between you and one whom we now regard as our own child. We think that the tendency of such a meeting would be to unsettle his mind, and I am compelled to add that we do not think ourselves bound to stretch a point or to do a foolish thing for the sake of gratifying a mere caprice on your part.

Rightly or wrongly, we consider that the step which you have recently taken is not compatible with the maternal affection to which you lay claim; the performance of what appears to us to be our manifest duty is, therefore, the less painful to us. Painful it must necessarily be to us to decline all further intercourse with our sister-in-law; still we have the consolation of knowing that in doing so we are actuated by no resentful or unworthy motives. I will only add that our determination must be taken as final and unalterable, and that

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,
"GEORGE BRETT."

The combination of George and Caroline which was perceptible in every line of this dignified missive might have tickled Marcia's sense of humor, if she had had any sense of humor to be tickled, and if she had not been far too disappointed and angry to be amused. As it was, she could only vituperate her brother-in-law's cruelty, and if there was one passage of his letter which struck her as being more cruel than another, it was that in which he had accused her of a lack of maternal affection. Such, doubtless, was the impression which he desired to convey to Willie, and such was the false impression which it was not only her right but her duty to remove.

By what means she was to achieve this legitimate object was, however, another question. Of course, she might write to Willie; only writing is seldom satisfactory, and written words are more easily explained away than spoken ones. Besides, she was dying to see her boy. She had made up her mind that she would be allowed to see him at least once, and to tell her that she must surrender that hope was like telling a starving man that he must not eat. One scarcely blames a starving man if he steals the food which is denied to him; so that Marcia may perhaps be excused for considering how she might effect a surreptitious entrance into Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square. But the longer she considered this the more impossible did it appear to her to attempt anything of the kind. She had not courage enough to dress herself up in some disguise; she had not imagination enough to invent a story which would insure her admission, nor had she any means of guessing at what hour Willie would be likely to be at home and his uncle and aunt out. Her one idea was to tip the butler and appeal to his compas-

sion — which perhaps was not such a bad idea, after all, seeing that Sir George was a little bit too rich to be tipped, and that he apparently did not know the meaning of pity. But if there was a human being more destitute of pity than Sir George, that wretch was unquestionably his wife; and Marcia, who was well acquainted with Lady Brett's habit of driving slowly round and round the Park every day between the hours of four and six, thought it only prudent to deliver her first assault upon the citadel at a time of day when the mistress of the establishment was almost certain to be absent. Willie, it was true, would probably be absent also; but the butler, at all events, would be at his post, and from that functionary useful information might be obtained.

She set forth with some trepidation, yet with a determination not to be baulked of her purpose which was perhaps as serviceable to her as any definite plan would have been. By hook or by crook she meant to get speech of her son, and a mother who has formed a resolution of that kind is a difficult person to defeat. Sir George quite thought that he had defeated her; but then Sir George labored under the double disadvantage of being a man and a rather stupid one into the bargain.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE LAW IN 1847 AND THE LAW IN 1889.

BY LORD COLERIDGE.

THE following paper was written and delivered to the law students at Birmingham early in last year; but I then refused to publish it, as it might be thought to refer to passing events and living men, at that time the subjects of personal and strong controversy. This reason against publication, never one founded in fact, has by lapse of time, ceased to be of any avail; and as there are some who still desire to see the paper in print, it is not worth while on this score, and in so small a matter, any longer to object. Haste and incompleteness are much better objections; but these are beyond my power to remove or lessen, and I will say only that I am as fully aware of them as any reader can be. I wish to add that when the paper was written I had, of course, not seen the important and admirable paper of Lord Herschell on the duties and responsibilities of an advocate.

MANY years ago, in 1877, my honored friend William Edward Forster persuaded me to go to see him at his Yorkshire home, and to deliver the prizes at a great meeting held at Bradford, which he then, and to the day of his death, represented in Parliament. He and I had to make speeches; and as it was an educational gathering, we spoke about education. About his speech I will say nothing, except that it seemed to me excellent and characteristic; but mine undoubtedly was weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Next day in a London newspaper there was an article on our speeches. Had the chief justice or Mr. Forster nothing to give us but platitudes on education; an old and worn-out subject, on which neither of them had anything fresh to say; of which, indeed, their knowledge was the knowledge of other men, long since assimilated by every one interested in the matter. If, now, they would have told us something about themselves, how they prepared themselves for their parts in life, how they got on in the world, how far and in what respects their career might be an example or a warning to other men; then, indeed, we might have listened, certainly with interest, possibly with advantage. Well, I remember saying to my friend, supposing we had taken the advice, we know, by experience, the article which would have followed. Who are these men who expect to interest us in their egotistical reminiscences? A second-rate politician, a third-rate lawyer. Have they really the vanity to suppose that, beyond their own families and dependents, who must affect an interest they do not feel, any human being cares one farthing how they managed to achieve any position in the world, which did very well without them before their appearance, and which will be hardly conscious of it when they disappear? So, no doubt, would our young gentleman, our daily oracle and monitor, have said, and not without reason.

Twelve years have passed away, and one's sensibility to attack and criticism has become, or at least ought to have become, twelve years blunter. But I still think it would be unwarrantable presumption to occupy your time with a personal narrative, or to attempt to direct you into paths which I have trodden more by chance than choice, and which have as often led me away from, as towards, that earthly goal which all human life should aim at, success in some definite and honorable pursuit, chosen with prudence and followed with energy. Yet, without so

wasting your time, it may be that I may, not altogether uselessly, employ it by a sort of comparison between what the profession was when I entered it, and what it is now, by considering how far the outward changes in it are changes which affect its real life, whether or no they have altered in any manner the principles of conduct, which, as far as I know history, no great and honorable lawyer has ever questioned in theory, or defined in practice.

I began my legal life in 1847, and at that time the common law rested mainly, though not exclusively, upon special pleading, and truth was investigated by rules of evidence so carefully framed to exclude falsehood, that very often truth was quite unable to force its way through the barriers erected against its opposite. Plaintiff and defendant, husband and wife, persons, excepting Quakers, who objected to an oath, those with an interest, direct or indirect, immediate or contingent, in the issue to be tried, were all absolutely excluded from giving evidence. Nonsuits were constant, not because there was no cause of action, but because the law refused the evidence of the only persons who could prove it. I do not speak of chancery, which had defects of its own, because I pretend to no more knowledge of chancery practice than is picked up by a common lawyer who, as he rises in his profession, is taken into courts of equity to examine a witness or to argue a case upon conflicting facts. Questions as to marriage, and as to wills, so far as they related to personal property, were under the jurisdiction of courts called ecclesiastical, with a procedure and principles happily of their own, and presided over by judges not appointed by the crown. The admiralty jurisdiction, at all times of great, in time of war of enormous, importance, was in practice committed to an ecclesiastical judge. Criminals, except in high treason and in misdemeanor, could be defended by counsel only through the medium of cross-examination. Speeches could be delivered, with the above exceptions, only by the prisoners themselves, and the system of writing speeches for the parties themselves to deliver, a system of which, in questions of real property, the orations of Isæus, and, in other matters, those of Lysias, Isocrates, and many even of Demosthenes himself, are examples, this system never, I know not why, obtained in this country.

Then, too, during large portions of the year, the common law courts were, from

necessity, altogether closed. The circuits occupied, not quite, but nearly, at the same time, the services of fourteen judges; and while the circuits went on there was no work for common lawyers in London except at the Privy Council and in the House of Lords. The circuits were great schools of professional conduct and professional ethics; and the lessons learnt upon them were to receptive minds of unspeakable value. The friendships formed on circuit were sometimes the closest and most enduring that men can form with one another; the cheery society, the frank manners, the pride in the body we belonged to, the discipline of the mess, the friendly mingling together on equal terms of older and younger men, the lessons to be learned both from leaders who were good and leaders who were bad by the constant attendance in court which was the invariable custom, the large amount of important and profitable business which was transacted; all these things gave the circuits a prominent and useful place in the life of a common lawyer, which, I am afraid, they are ceasing to have, except in a few of the largest and most populous counties.

Such, in rude outline, was the bar when I joined it forty-two years ago. The system had its great virtues, but it had its great and crying evils; and they were aggravated by the powerful men who at that time dominated Westminster Hall, and whose spirit guided its administration. The majestic presence of Lord Lyndhurst, a luminous, masculine, simple, yet most powerful mind, the very incarnation to an outward observer of courtesy and justice, was departing from the bench; Lord Denman, high-bred, scholar-like, with a noble scorn of the base and the tricky, was just about to follow. The ruling power in the courts in 1847 was Baron Parke, a man of great and wide legal learning, an admirable scholar, a kind-hearted and amiable man, and of remarkable force of mind. These great qualities he devoted to heightening all the absurdities, and contracting to the very utmost the narrowness of the system of special pleading. The client was unthought of. Conceive a judge rejoicing, as I have myself heard Baron Parke rejoice, at nonsuiting a plaintiff in an undefended cause, saying, with a sort of triumphant air, that "those who drew loose declarations brought scandal on the law." The right was nothing, the mode of stating everything. When it was proposed to give power to amend the statement, "Good Heavens!" exclaimed the

baron, "think of the state of the record"—*i.e.*, the sacred parchment, which it was proposed to defile by erasures and alterations. He bent the whole powers of his great intellect to defeat the act of Parliament which had allowed of equitable defences in a common law action. He laid down all but impossible conditions, and said, with an air of intense satisfaction, in my hearing, "I think we settled the new act to-day, we shall hear no more of equitable defences!" And as Baron Parke piped, the Court of Exchequer followed, and dragged after it, with more or less reluctance, the other common law courts of Westminster Hall. Sir William Maule and Sir Cresswell Cresswell did their best to resist the current. Cresswell was a man of strong will, of clear, sagacious, sensible mind, and a sound lawyer; Sir William Maule seems to me, on reflection, and towards the close of a long life, on the whole, the most extraordinary intellect I ever came across. He could split a hair into twenty filaments at one time, and at another could come crushing down, like a huge steam hammer of good sense, through a web of subtlety which disappeared under his blow. A great scholar, a very great mathematician, who extorted, as I have been told by Cambridge men, a senior wranglership from examiners wedded to the synthetic method, in spite of his persistent and indeed defiant use of the analytic; a great linguist, an accomplished lawyer, and overflowing with humor, generally grotesque and cynical, but sometimes alive with a rich humanity. He was a somewhat disappointed man; his life was said hardly to court inspection; he was certainly, with all his great gifts, personally indolent. He was not a great judge, not because he could not, but because he would not be. He played with his office. An utter disbeliever in the virtue of women, he was cruel to them in court; but, with this large exception, there was nothing mean about him, nothing unjust; and anything like brutality or fraud roused his indignation and brought out all the nobler qualities of his strangely compounded character. Baron Parke was, in a legal view, his favorite aversion.* "Well," I have heard him say, "that seems a horror in morals and a monster in reasoning. Now, give us the judgment of Baron Parke which lays it down as law."

* Baron Martin thus spoke of Baron Parke in his judgment in *Lord Derby v. Bury Improvement Commissioners*, 3 L. R. Exch. 133: "He was without doubt the ablest and best public servant I was personally acquainted with in the whole course of my life."

With the advent of Lord Campbell to the chief justiceship, a great lawyer, not wedded to the narrow technicalities, which he thoroughly understood, but did not admire, came to the assistance of good sense and justice. But for some time he struggled in vain against the idolatry of Baron Parke to which the whole of the common law at that time was devoted. Even so very great a lawyer and so independent a man as Sir James Willes dedicated a book to him as the judge "to whom the law was under greater obligations than to any judge within legal memory." One of the obligations he was very near conferring on it was its absolute extinction. "I have aided in building up sixteen volumes of Meeson & Welsby," said he proudly to Charles Austin, "and that is a great thing for any man to say." "I dare say it is," said Austin; "but in the palace of truth, baron, do you think it would have made the slightest difference to mankind, or even to England, if all the cases in all the volumes of Meeson & Welsby had been decided the other way?" He repeated his boast to Sir William Erle. "It's a lucky thing," said Sir William, as he told me himself, "that there was not a seventeenth volume, for if there had been the common law itself would have disappeared altogether, amidst the jeers and hisses of mankind; "and," he added, "Parke didn't seem to like it."

Peace be with him. He was a great lawyer, a man of high character and powerful intellect. No smaller man could have produced such results. If he ever were to revisit the glimpses of the moon one shudders to think of his disquiet. No *absque hoc*, no *et non*, no color, express or implied, given to trespass, no new assignment, belief in the great doctrine of a negative pregnant no longer necessary to legal salvation, and the very nice question, as Baron Parke is reported to have thought, whether you could reply *de injuriâ* to a plea of deviation in an action on a marine policy not only still unsolved, but actually considered not worth solution! I suspect that to the majority of my hearers I am talking in an unknown tongue, and it is strange that in the lifetime of one who has not yet quite fulfilled the appointed span of human life such a change, such a revolution in a most conservative profession should be actually consummated. I must not indulge in any feeble attempt to reproduce the men who then, bound in the fetters of this system, yet in spite of them, enlightened us by their intellect, instructed us by their learn-

ing, charmed and touched us by their eloquence. Two alone remain of the great men of those times, Lord Bramwell and Sir Montague Smith, whom I mention, because they have, though living, entered upon the inheritance of their fame; the last, the most sensible, weighty, and sagacious of men; the first, a great lawyer, a keen intellect, who has chosen to cloak the kindest and most generous heart that beats on earth under a garb of caustic but humorous cynicism. The rest are gone: Willes, the greatest lawyer, I should think, since Sir William Grant; Jervis, the quickest mind, the keenest, tersest, swiftest advocate; Kelly, who outlived his fame, but who was in his prime the not wholly unequal rival of Follett and of Campbell; Crowder, not much out of his profession except a kindly gentleman, but in it the greatest master of *nisi prius* I ever knew; Erle, whom I knew only as a judge, but whom I have heard in youth, and who was, in my opinion, by far the greatest advocate of his time; Cockburn, the accomplished scholar, the splendid orator; and Charles Austin, probably the most highly gifted of them all by nature, but who devoted his noble powers to mere money-making, and who would be, so fast does the world move, by this time forgotten but for the glowing eulogy of him to be found in the autobiography of John Stuart Mill.

And with these men the system under which they flourished has gone to rest too. Parties are examined, husband and wife are heard, special pleading finds no refuge upon the habitable globe, except, as I believe, in the State of New Jersey, in America. Law and equity are concurrently administered; marriage, wills, admiralty cases are dealt with by the profane hands of judges with not a flavor of ecclesiasticism about them. Of the administrators of the new system, those who made it, and those who now preside over or contend under it, the living and the lately dead, it is not for me to speak. Roundell Palmer, Mellish, Cairns, Blackburn, Charles Russell, Horace Davey, Henry James, John Karslake, who led

A life too short for friendship, not for fame—

these and many more, whom I cannot even presume to catalogue, must wait for a better, a fitter, a younger man to commemorate as they deserve their many great and various merits. I do not think, however, that as English law has grown more just and reasonable English lawyers have grown less learned or more dull.

There is one possibly impending change, as to which you have, I understand, been addressed here by the present solicitor-general, Sir Edward Clarke, whose opinion is favorable to it: I mean, the introduction of the American practice as to our profession; the allowing the functions of the attorney and the functions of the barrister to be exercised by the same person. It is true that in the great cities of America, where there are firms of lawyers, the principles of natural selection send some of the firms into court and keep others in chambers, so that the practice a good deal modifies the principle. But the principle remains, and I believe the extension of it to England is not so very far off. Whether it will be a benefit or no I do not feel sure. I once asked Mr. Benjamin, who had had experience of both systems, which, upon the whole, he thought the best. He replied that the question could not be answered in a word. "If," he said, "you ask me which is best fitted for producing from time to time a dozen or a score of very eminent and highly cultivated men, men fit to play a great part in public affairs, and to stand up for the oppressed and persecuted in times of trouble and danger, I should say at once the English. If you ask me which is best in ordinary times for the vast majority of clients, I answer at once the American." This was very weighty and very impartial evidence, and, I think, if Mr. Benjamin was right, that what is clearly for the benefit of the vast majority of clients is certain to be established in the end. Without expressing any opinion whatever upon recent hotly controverted facts, which I cannot do, and which would be quite improper for me, if I could, I may say so much as this, that I think they have appreciably hastened the advent of the change.

There is one consideration, the weight of which has lately been much increased, which in my judgment makes strongly in its favor. No doubt can exist in any reflecting mind that the prejudice, which, it is useless to deny, exists against the honor and morality of the profession, arises mainly from the supposed conflict between the rules of the profession and the first principles of ethics. It is said, and it is believed, that statements and conduct, which honor and morals would condemn, are sanctioned by the principles of our profession. That men in all times belonging to our profession have done things as advocates, which they would disdain as men, I sorrowfully yet freely

admit. But this is to say nothing against the profession itself. Some clergymen preach things they entirely disbelieve, some soldiers and sailors violate the laws of war and of honesty, some traders cheat, some professional witnesses fence with scientific truth, of which they ought to be the impartial guardians. This only shows that in all professions, however noble, however sacred, men are to be found whose conduct is not guided by the moral code, I will not say of the New Testament, but of Aristotle or Cicero. More is heard of the shortcomings of lawyers, because their acts come home so closely to what Lord Bacon calls men's business and bosoms, because they practise in the light of day, and before the face of men. I deny altogether that their principles are different from those which guide men of honor in any other calling. We practise in courts of law, we contend for legal results, to be arrived at according to legal rules. In criminal courts men are punished not for sins, but for crimes; some sins, amongst the worst men can commit, are unpunished and unpunishable by human tribunals. Crimes even are not punishable till they are proved, and they can be proved only according to rules of evidence which are rules of law. *Mutatis mutandis*, all this is true of civil issues tried in civil courts. Now, these are the tritest platitudes, and yet they are habitually forgotten or disregarded in the discussions which arise about the morality and honor of lawyers. Grant, what no believing reader of the New Testament can deny, that advocacy is a lawful calling, grant that what a man may honorably say and do for himself an advocate may say and do for him, not more not less, and I ask for no further concession, and I desire to be judged by no other rule. A man in a court of law may rightly and honorably contend that by law an estate belongs to him, a debt is due to him, damages should be paid to him, a crime has not been committed by him. By legal means he contends for legal right, by the same means he repels legal wrong; and what he may do or may not do for himself an advocate may do or may not do for him. A man may not lie for himself, neither may his advocate for him; a man may not deliberately deceive, or accuse a man of a crime of which he knows him to be innocent, or devise, or without careful inquiry and reasonable belief disseminate, a slander, and neither may his advocate.

Now, I think it cannot be denied that the English system greatly increases the

temptation to do these things by dividing the responsibility for them. A man makes a deadly attack upon the character of another, which turns out to be unfounded. He says he followed his instructions. Granted that he did; if he took reasonable care to inquire into the nature of the evidence and the character of the witnesses, he is no more to be blamed than any man who repeats something to the discredit of another which he has heard upon authority, which he knows, or has satisfied himself, to be unimpeachable. But if he makes no inquiry, the mere statement in the brief is absolutely no excuse whatever, and he deserves the scornful condemnation of all honorable men. There ought to be, there can be, no doubt about this. If it were otherwise our profession would not be the profession of a gentleman, and would deserve all the hard things its enemies ignorantly say of it. Think for a moment. What a counsel says in court, if at all relevant to the inquiry (some authorities carry it even further), is absolutely privileged; so that the subject of a slander so made is entirely without redress. If what I say is not sound, it follows that, according to the rules of our profession, an unscrupulous attorney, making no inquiry, may instruct a counsel to utter an atrocious slander; the counsel so instructed may, without inquiry, utter and enforce it; and the subject of it, however foul the slander, and however absolute his innocence, may stand for the rest of his life, as Thackeray says of Addison, "stainless but for that, but bleeding from that black wound"—a wound which cannot be healed, because he can neither force the man who stabbed him to withdraw the weapon, nor yet to meet the man whom he has stabbed in fair and equal fight. A man, indeed, not dead to honor and good feeling, will withdraw an accusation the moment he discovers he has made it on evidence which he cannot trust, and withdraw it as openly as he made it, tendering such amends as hearty regret can frame for having been misled into it.

This was the common practice when I was young; I do not doubt it is the common practice now; but I have read arguments to show that an advocate may indeed thus act if he thinks fit, but that there is no rule of his profession binding him to do so. I cannot myself conceive a worse enemy to the profession than he who maintains this; I cannot conceive anything more likely to lead, and which would more justly and surely lead, to the

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imposition of some legal curb on that free speaking of the advocate, which, when restrained by the ordinary rules of honor and morality, is almost the most precious right which a free people can possess. It is obvious that, outside the court, an advocate (unless he is forced to speak by assaults on his conduct) had far better be silent as to personal attacks which he has made in it. Excuses which may be made for the language of an advocate in the discharge of his duty have no force whatever as to what he may say when he is not performing it. Then he is like any other man, subject to the same rules, liable to the same condemnation if he breaks them. It is no part of his duty out of court to deal in defamation; the public and society justly look on him then just as they look on any other gentleman, and if he is found to bear false witness against his neighbor, upon instructions which he has not verified, and which may possibly have misled him, he must not only submit to the disapprobation of all honorable men, but to the still heavier reproach that he has done something to let down the character of a great profession and to justify the slanders uttered against it by its enemies.

I do not, as I have said, so understand the rules of our profession. I have lived amongst those who did not so understand them. Within my own experience Cresswell, Thesiger, Crowder, Cockburn, Bovill, Karslake, Collier, Holker, Honyman (I will not speak of living men, and I speak only of instances I have known; I doubt not there are hundreds of others), these men have withdrawn from cases sooner than persist in attacks which they found to be groundless made upon instructions which they discovered had deceived them; in some cases had been intended to do so. Sir Alexander Cockburn once said that a man who behaved otherwise deserved to be branded as a criminal conspirator, and on an occasion which has become historical he qualified the perhaps too loose generality of a dictum of Lord Brougham, by saying that an English advocate should maintain his client's cause "*per fas* but not *per nefas*"; with the sword of the soldier, not the dagger of the assassin." These are the rules which I believe guide the conduct of all honorable men in our profession from the highest to the lowest; these are the principles which no man who respects himself will ever violate in practice; and by which, if his practice were questioned, he would not for a moment hesitate to have it judged. These principles are plain and simple, and

ought not to be difficult to follow. Our profession does not stand outside Christian ethics; and the rule, rightly and sensibly interpreted, that we should do to other men what we should wish in like case other men should do to us, is as good for us as for the rest of mankind. I am very sure that no man of character will question this, and I am also sure that if ever, in time past, present, or to come, any such man is supposed to have acted otherwise, it can and will be only because the facts relating to his conduct are inaccurately stated, have been imperfectly apprehended, or are altogether misunderstood. But as we value our honor and love our profession let there be no paltering with these principles, and no hesitation in condemning any departure from them.

There is one step further still, which I will illustrate, withholding names, by an instance which I heard myself. In a divorce bill, before the creation of the Divorce Court, and heard, therefore, in the House of Lords, there was clear evidence that a woman resembling the incriminated wife had been seen in a compromising position with a young groom in the stableyard of a nobleman's castle. The attorney knew that the wife herself was the woman, and he suggested this to the counsel, but said that there was a maid, whom I will call Rose, upon whom suspicion might plausibly be thrown. Suspicion, happily unsuccessfully, was thrown upon Rose by the counsel, who actually told the story himself; and when somewhat roundly taken to task for it, calmly observed "that he had followed his instructions, but that he always felt that it was rather hard upon Rose." I thought then, and think now, that this conduct was infamous, and that, in his case at least, it was true that a man in a wig and gown had done that which if he had done without those appendages, most honorable men would have said with Henry the Fifth:—

We would not die in that man's company;
or, with Horace:—

Vetabo sub . . . isdem
Sit trabibus fragilemve mecum,
Solvat phaselon.

(I would not sleep under the same roof with him, or go to sea with him in the same boat.)

Now, whatever one may think of the counsel, it is plainly inconceivable that if he had been attorney as well as advocate, and had himself heard the confession of his client, he would have descended to

such almost incredible baseness as to put upon another what he knew from his client she had done herself. Let me say that this was an exception, and that I have lived my life amongst men as incapable of it as Bayard, and who would have condemned it as sternly as St. Paul. While, therefore, I am not insensible to the many advantages of the present system, the comfort of which to the advocate I enjoyed for six-and-twenty years, I cannot shut my eyes to the many countervailing benefits to be found in the American practice if and when it is ever introduced into the English courts.

"Here, then, my words have end." Too long and yet desultory and superficial. Forgive their imperfections, accept them as a poor token of good-will from an old judge to youthful students, from one at the end of his career to you who are at the beginning of yours, from memory to hope, from winter to the spring which will surely and very soon replace it, from one who has had much more success than he deserves, and who wishes you to succeed at least as well and to deserve it better.

From Temple Bar.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

WILLIAM LITHGOW was, in the spring of the year 1609, a young Scot of six-and-twenty; the possessor of a wiry frame, a slender patrimony, and a burning eagerness to see the world. It came into his head to make a pilgrimage on foot about the globe. At a period when no traveller ever thought of crossing Hampstead Heath without his pistols, it was certain that a pilgrim journeying among the dens of Cretan bandits, or steering with a caravan across the deserts to Jerusalem, would not fail to meet adventures. Nor was Lithgow at all the man to pass in peace through lands of infidels and Papists. He was a burning Protestant, with his creed at his tongue's end, and ready—to his credit be it said—to be its martyr. For the rest, he was a man of generous heart and daring courage, but with a head as rash as Harry Hotspur's.

He took his life into his hand, and started. He got as far as Rome without disaster; but there he began the series of his perils by coming very near to being burnt alive. The brazen image of St. Peter in the great cathedral moved him to proclaim his indignation at what he called

idolatry. The Inquisition sent to seize him, and would assuredly have doomed him to the stake and faggot, but for a brother Scot named Robert Moggat. This man, a servant in the palace of the aged Earl of Tyrone, smuggled Lithgow to a garret in the palace roof, and there for three days kept him hidden, while the hue and cry went up and down the streets. On the fourth night, at midnight, the two stole out together to the city walls, where Lithgow, with the help of his companion, dropped in safety to the ground, and escaped into the darkness, laughing at his baffled foes.

Alas! though he little dreamt it, there was a day to come, though yet far distant, when the Holy Office was to turn the laugh terrifically against him.

He made his way to Venice, stepped aboard a ship for Corfu, and thence set sail for Zante. Off Cape St. Maura a sail was spied; it was a pirate Turk in hot pursuit. The captain put it to the vote among the passengers whether he should fight the ship or strike his colors. Every voice but Lithgow's was for pulling down the flag and buying off the Turk with ransoms. But Lithgow had no money for the purpose, and nothing was before him but the prospect that the Turk would sell him as a slave. He therefore gave his vote for fighting; he called upon the company to pluck up spirit, to quit themselves like men, "and the Lord would deliver them from the thralldom of the infidels." Captain, crew, and passengers took fire together at his words; they rushed upon the pikes and muskets, loaded their two cannon to the muzzle, and received the pirate with such fury that he durst not try to board. When, however, darkness parted them from their assailants, their plight was evil; seven men were killed, a dozen more were wounded, Lithgow had a bullet in his arm, the ship was leaking through the shot-holes, and a tempest was beginning to howl fiercely. It seemed as if he had escaped from slavery only to be drowned by shipwreck. But, by great good luck, the tempest drove them safely into Largastolo Bay.

At Zante a Greek surgeon took the bullet from his arm, and he resumed his wanderings. But he was soon in new disaster. As he was walking through a solitary region on the way to Canea in Crete, four bandits, armed with cudgels, sprang upon him from a thicket. In spite of Juvenal's authority, the empty pilgrim does not always sing before the thief. It was not till after they had stripped and cudgelled him

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that the rogues discovered that his whole possessions consisted of two groats. With the good-nature of contempt they let him go; and, penniless and smarting, he dragged his way for thirty-seven miles to the next village. There he endeavored, by the help of signs (for he knew nothing of the language), to beg a supper and a lodging of the natives. But among the simple villagers of Pichehorno, a stranger was a sheep among the wolves. They were preparing, without more ado, to plant a dagger in his heart, when a woman, more friendly than the rest, informed him of their purpose by a signal. He took to flight, and racing for his life into the darkness, gained the shore, and plunged into a cave among the rocks. There, famished, aching, and in peril of his life, he lay concealed till daybreak.

In the grey of morning he crept out, and made his way in safety to Canea. Again adventures were before him. While he was in the town, six convict-galleys put into the bay from Venice. One of the prisoners got leave to come on shore, attended for precaution by a keeper, and shackled with a heavy ankle-ring. Lithgow, who was as curious as a monkey, entered into conversation with the culprit, and soon learnt his story. He was one of four young Frenchmen who had been present at a duel between a friend of theirs and a Venetian signor for the love of some fair lady. The signor fell; the guards came down upon the duellists, who fled for refuge to the French ambassador's. Except himself, they all escaped; he stumbled in the street, was seized, was dragged before the Signory, and was condemned to pull a galley-oar for life.

The Frenchman chanced to be a Protestant. Lithgow's soul took fire with sympathy. He began to scheme to set the prisoner free. He borrowed from his laundress, who was an old Greek woman, a gown and a black veil. Then he treated the keeper to strong drink until he rolled upon the ground, struck off the captive's irons, dressed him in the gown and veil, and sent him with the old Greek woman past the sentries at the gate. Lithgow, with the prisoner's garments, met them in an olive-grove outside the city; and thence the Frenchman fled to a Greek monastery across the mountains, which was appointed as a place of sanctuary for all fugitives from justice, and where a man-of-war from Malta touched at intervals to take away the refugees.

The Frenchman was secure; but not so his deliverer. As Lithgow was re-entering

the city, he met two English soldiers of his acquaintance, who were rushing out to warn him. The captain of the galleys, with a band of soldiers, was seeking for him up and down the streets. The danger was extreme; but by good fortune it so happened that the smallest of the city gates was guarded by three other English soldiers. These five men, who presently were joined by eight French soldiers, formed a little troop, and with Lithgow in their midst marched up the streets towards the monastery of San Salvatore. The galley-soldiers, who were on the watch, rushed furiously upon the party; but too late. While the swords were flashing in the hurly-burly Lithgow slipped into the monastery, and was secure.

Here he stayed until the galleys sailed. He shared the lodging of four monks as jolly as Friar Tuck. Wine was flowing all day long; and every evening after supper Lithgow was compelled to dance with one or other of his boon companions, while all four drank until they dropped upon the floor, and snored till morning. During the five-and-twenty days that he remained there, Lithgow never once saw these gay brothers sober.

The galleys sailing, he was able also to make merry with his English friends. While in their company he one day made acquaintance with another Englishman, named Wolson, who had just arrived from Tunis. This man was a strange character, and was bound by a strange vow. His elder brother, a ship's captain, had been murdered at Burnt Isle, in Scotland. Wolson, in reprisal, had sworn to have the blood of the next Scotchman he should meet; and this happened to be Lithgow.

Wolson resolved to lie in wait for him that very night; but luckily, in screwing up his courage for the act, he drank too much, and blabbed his secret. John Smith, who heard him, ran in search of Lithgow, whom he found just sitting down to supper at a tavern. The host, together with four soldiers who were drinking there, resolved to see him home. The assassin, a true Bobadil, espied the party, and his heart forsook him. Finding that he could not take his victim by surprise, he slunk away to bide a better time.

Before he found his chance, however, Lithgow had set sail from Crete, to cruise among the islands of the Cyclades, on board a vessel which was little better than a fishing-smack, and carried only eighteen souls. At Eolida a storm swept off the mast and sails, and drove the boat upon the rocks. Seven of the crew, insane with

terror, leaped into the boiling surf, and were never seen again; the others with great labor worked the boat into a cavern, the back of which sloped upwards from the sea. Lithgow was the last to disembark; for the sailors swore to put a bullet through his skull if he should dare to step before them. Scarcely had he landed when the boat went down.

The cave was cut off by the waters, and the wrecked men had no food. Three days passed, and the spectres in the cavern were beginning to regard each other with the eyes of wolves, when a fishing-boat came by, and heard their hail. A little later, and Lithgow, who had so narrowly escaped already from the stake, the pirates, the banditti, the galleys, the assassin, and the shipwreck, would probably have furnished forth a meal for his companions.

He made his way at leisure across Turkey, and joined a caravan of pilgrims bound through Syria to Jerusalem. His dress was now a Turk's, with turban, robe, and staff; and while all the others rode on camels, horses, or asses, he walked on foot, according to his constant custom, beside his baggage-mule.

The caravan had hired a guide named Joab, who called himself a Christian, but who proved to be a traitor. This rascal planned to lead the caravan into an ambush of three hundred murderous Arabs of Mount Carmel, with whom he was in league, who were to butcher every man among them, and to gorge themselves with plunder. The plot was excellent; it seemed certain of success; but fortunately Joab feared to reach the place of ambush before the time appointed, and by lingering up and down through rugged spots and pools of water, he awoke suspicion. A Turkish soldier of the party then remembered having seen him send a Moor from Nazareth on some mysterious errand. At this, the guide was seized, was lashed upon a horse, and, under threats of death, confessed his treachery.

And now all was panic; every face was white with terror; for while to trust the guide was madness, night was falling, the ambush was in waiting, and they might walk into the trap. In the midst of the confusion Lithgow noticed that the polar star hung low, and judged that they had been conducted too far south. He cried out to the caravan to turn north-west, lest they should fall into the snare. But not a soul except himself could read the mystery of the star, and he was called upon to take the place of guide. And thus there came to pass a spectacle strange even to

grotesqueness — the spectacle of thirteen hundred terror-stricken Turkish and Armenian pilgrims following a Scotchman all night long across a moon-lit desert in the heart of Syria.

When day broke, the caravan was half a mile from Tyre; the ambush was escaped. Another guide was taken, the journey was resumed, and in due course Lithgow found himself before Jerusalem.

There was, within the city, a monastery of Cordeliers, whose duty was to welcome Christian pilgrims. The prior came out to ask if any such were in the caravan. The only one was Lithgow. A pilgrim from so far a country was held a kind of saint; and the prior, with twelve monks, walked before him through the streets, each carrying a huge wax candle, and chanting a *Te Deum*. Within the monastery, the abbot washed his feet and the monks knelt down to kiss them. But in the middle of the ceremony Lithgow happened to observe that he was not a Catholic. In an instant the monks' faces grew a yard in length. They had lavished all this glory on a heretic!

Lithgow, however, could not well be ousted; he remained — a saint descended to a guest. One day a party from the convent under the abbot and a guard of soldiers set out to view the Jordan. Before the pilgrims turned, they stripped to bathe, and Lithgow, before dressing, took a whim to climb a tree upon the margin and to cut a hunting-rod, which he designed to take to England as a present to King James. As he sat concealed among the leaves, trimming "a fair rod, three yards long, wondrous straight, full of small knots, and of a yellow color," a strange sound struck his ears. He peered out through the leaves; his companions had gone off without him, and were now waging a fierce battle with a band of Arabs a quarter of a mile away! He was caught between the devil and the deep sea; for while to venture forth was deadly peril, to be left behind was certain death. Lithgow tumbled from his tree, and rod in hand, but without a stitch of clothing, darted towards the place of combat. The thorns and sharp grass gashed his feet; a pike-man of his own side charged him as an enemy; but at last, to the amazement of the pilgrims, who scarcely recognized this light-armed warrior, he came rushing in among them, panting to aid the battle with his rod. But the fight was over, and the beaten pilgrims were discussing terms of ransom. The abbot, scandalized at his appearance, gave him his own gown; and

Lithgow, who had started as a turbaned Turk, returned as a grey friar.

From Jerusalem he wandered up and down the earth until he chanced to meet, at Algiers, a French jewel-merchant named Chatteline, who was on his way to Fez to purchase diamonds. Lithgow joined him. The pair reached Fez in safety, and thence resolved to strike across the desert to Arracon. With a tent, a mule, a dragoman, and two Moorish slaves, the bold adventurers set out on foot. Lithgow was a man who never seemed to know fatigue; but in eight days Chatteline was so exhausted that his companions were compelled to add him to the baggage on the mule, and to carry him to Ahazto, where he fell into a fever and refused to stir. Lithgow, with a guide, the dragoman, and one of the two slaves, went on without him. When the guide had led them four days' march, he missed the track, stole off in terror in the night, and left them helpless in the middle of the desert.

Nothing seemed before them but a lingering death. In four days their food was gone, and for four days more they were reduced to chew tobacco. All night the wolves and jackals were heard howling, which, as soon as weakness forced them to let out their little fire of sticks, would pick them to the bone. On the eighth day a foe more terrible than wolves or jackals came suddenly upon them—a horde of naked savages, driving before them a vast flock of sheep and goats, and bloody with the slaughter of a neighboring tribe.

The wanderers were dragged before the savage prince—a potentate appalled, to the awe and admiration of his subjects, in a veil of crimson satin and a pair of yellow shoes. To him, Lithgow, through the dragoman, related his adventures. The effect was marvellous. His dusky majesty was so delighted with the story, that he not only spared the prisoners' lives, but granted them a guide to Tunis, and presented Lithgow, as a kind of keepsake, with his own bow and arrows.

This memento inspired him with a project. The rod from Jordan was designed for James I.; he would present the bow and arrows to Prince Charles.

But would he get these treasures—or himself—to England safely? It was his plan to traverse Poland. For a time he made his way without disaster; but one day, while passing, lonely and on foot, through one of the vast solitary forests of Moldavia, six robbers sprang upon him

from a thicket, seized his money, stripped him naked, tied him to an oak-tree, and left him to the wolves.

Nothing seemed more certain than that the end of his adventures was at last at hand. But Lithgow, like the heroes of romance, who come unscathed from perils which to the villains would be certain death, seemed charmed against destruction. All that night the voices of the wild beasts filled the forest; but not one approached to rend him. At break of day a band of shepherds found him. They cut his bonds, wrapped him in an old long coat, and bore him to the castle of their lord, a certain Baron Starholds, fifteen miles away. The baron was a Protestant; he received the pilgrim with great hospitality, kept him for a fortnight in the castle, gave him a fat purse, and sent him with a guide to Poland.

Lithgow reached Dantzic; fell so ill of fever that the sexton dug his grave; recovered as by miracle; and thence took ship for London. His curiosities, which the robbers had contemptuously discarded, were still in his possession; and Lithgow, who in that age was himself a greater curiosity, was presented to King James at Greenwich Gardens, and made to king and prince his offerings of the rod from Jordan and the bow and arrows of the savage chief.

He stayed some time in London, where he wrote and printed an account of his adventures. But Ulysses was not worse adapted for a settled life. Ere long the ache for roving became irresistible, and he determined to set forth on pilgrimage once more. He had better, had he known it, have cut off his right foot; for now there lay before him an adventure to which all his previous perils were as nursery games—an adventure strange and terrible as ever mortal man escaped alive to tell of.

King James supplied him with safe-conducts and with letters to the courts of foreign sovereigns. He wandered for a time in Ireland; then he crossed the Straits, and made his way into the south of Spain. On reaching Malaga he struck a bargain with the skipper of a French ship bound next day for Alexandria. But he was fated never to set sail.

That night the town was thrown into a tumult; a cloud of strange ships, vague as phantoms in the darkness, were seen to sail into the harbor and cast anchor. A rumor ran abroad like wild-fire that the ships were Turkish pirates; and forthwith the town went wild with terror. Women

and children fled into the fortress; the castle bells rang backwards; the drums thundered an alarm. But when day broke, the English colors were seen flying at the top-masts; it was a squadron which had been despatched against the corsairs of Algiers.

The panic seemingly subsided. Lithgow took a boat and went on board the *Lion* to salute the admiral, Sir Robert Mainsell. Sir Robert invited him to join the fleet, with which were many of his old acquaintances from London; but time pressed, and Lithgow's clothes and papers were on shore. Accordingly, as soon as the sails spread, he stepped into a fishing-boat and put to land.

But jealous eyes had been upon him. As he was passing up a narrow street to gain his lodging, a band of soldiers burst upon him, seized him by the throat, muffled him in a black frieze mantle, and bore him to the governor's house, where he was locked up in a parlor. He could not guess the charge against him; but he was soon to learn. The governor, the captain of the guards, and the town clerk entered, the latter armed with pen and ink to take down his confession. Lithgow, of course, had nothing to confess; but the captain, Don Francesco, "clapping him on the cheek with a Judas smile," bade him acknowledge that he had just arrived from Seville. On his denying this, the governor burst into a storm of curses. "Villain!" he cried, "you are a spy. You have been a month at Seville, keeping a watch upon the Spanish navy, and have just visited the English fleet with your intelligence." Lithgow offered to call witnesses to prove that he was nothing but a simple pilgrim; but in vain. He produced his papers with King James's seal; but these the judges held to be a blind. It was resolved to force him to confession.

A sergeant was called in to search him. In his purse were found eleven ducats; a hundred and thirty-seven gold pieces were sewn into the collar of his doublet. This treasure-trove the governor put into his pocket. The sergeant and two Turkish slaves then seized him, bore him to a cell above the governor's kitchen, threw him down upon his back, and chained him immovably to the stone floor. One of the two slaves, whose name was Hazor, lay down before the door by way of guard; and he was left to pass the first night of his misery.

Next day the governor came to him alone. He urged the prisoner, as he hoped

for pardon, to confess that he had been a spy. At his denial the governor roared out furiously that he should feel the rack. He then gave orders that the captive should receive three ounces of dry bread and a pint of water every second day—fare just sufficient to keep body and soul together, while his strength wasted to the lowest ebb. He also ordered that the window should be walled up and the grating in the door stopped up with mats. The cell was turned into a tomb; and here, in pitchy darkness, gnawed by undying hunger, and in daily expectation of the rack, Lithgow wore away *seven weeks* of horror, chained motionless on the bare stones.

It was five days before Christmas; the time was two o'clock at night; when he was awakened from his feverish slumber by the sound of a coach drawn up outside his prison. The cell door opened, and nine sergeants entered, who bore him, chains and all, into the coach. Two took their seats beside him, while the others ran on foot; and the coach, of which the driver was a negro, rolled swiftly from the city westward. At the distance of a league it pulled up at a lonely vineyard; the prisoner was lifted from the coach, was carried to a room within the building of the wine-press, and was left, still chained, until the morning. He could only guess what was before him. He had been brought there to be tortured.

Late in the afternoon the three inquisitors came in; the victim, for the last time, was exhorted to confess that he had been a spy, and of course again denied it. He was then carried to another room. Against the wall was a thick frame of wood, shaped like a triangle, in the sides of which were holes, with ropes and turning-pins; this was the rack. The tormentor stripped him, and struck off his ankle-rings; one with such violence as to tear his heel. Then he was lashed upon the rack.

It was about five o'clock; from that time till ten he lay there "in a hell of agony." As if the torture of the cords, which cut the flesh into the sinews, was not fierce enough, at intervals his jaws were forced apart, and a stream of water from a jar impelled into his throat, so that he was kept half drowning. When he fainted in his agony, a little wine was given him, to bring him round. At last, when it seemed likely that the victim, who was weaker than a child with famine, would escape their hands by giving up the ghost, he was taken from the rack, his gashed and broken limbs were loaded with

his irons, he was driven back to his old dungeon, and once more bolted to the stones.

As before, he was left to starve on bread and water; but now, by order of his persecutors, baskets of vermin were emptied on his mangled body, from whose maddening irritation he could do nothing to relieve himself; for, even had he been unchained, his arms were broken and incapable. His misery was such as moved the pity even of the Turkish slave. Hazior, at the risk of his own safety, sometimes swept the vermin into heaps with oil, and set them in a blaze. Occasionally he also brought the starving prisoner a bunch of raisins or a handful of dry figs in his shirt-sleeves. It is probable that, meagre as it was, this addition to his pittance saved his life.

In the mean time the governor had discovered that he was no spy. Unluckily he had, at the same time, been looking over Lithgow's papers. The latter had, when at Loretto, been shown the cottage of the Virgin Mary, which is said to have miraculously flown from Palestine, and had dubbed the story "a vain toy." To the governor the case was clear; the Virgin Mary, in permitting Lithgow to be tortured as a spy, had wrought a miracle against a scoffer. Two days after Candlemas he went to Lithgow's cell, and told him bluntly that, unless he wished to burn alive, he must within a week turn Papist.

But the governor knew nothing of his man. Lithgow, roused like a wounded war-horse who smells battle, instantly poured forth an argument to prove that the pope was an impostor. The governor retired in anger. Next day he brought two Jesuits to assist him; but in a little while he lost his temper, kicked his opponent in the face as he lay upon the floor, and, but for the two Jesuits, would have stabbed him with a knife. On the last day of the week he changed his tactics. Lithgow was assured that, at a single word, he should be taken from his cell to a luxurious chamber, to be nursed and fed on dainties — that he should regain his property, be sent to England, and receive a yearly pension of three hundred ducats. If, on the other hand, he still held out, he should that night be tortured in his cell; after which he should, at Easter, be removed to Granada, to be burnt alive at midnight, and his ashes cast into the air.

Up to this moment Lithgow, though a victim, had not been a martyr — his escape had not depended on himself. But now

a syllable would set him free — and he disdained to speak it.

That night the torturer was brought into his cell. At first the water-torment was applied. When he had suffered all the agony of drowning, he was strung up to the cell roof by his toes until he fainted. Then, having been restored with wine, he was once more bolted to the floor. His enemies had left him just sufficient strength to lift up his weak voice and sing defiance in a psalm.

And now nothing was before him but the martyr's fire. It was Mid-Lent; in a fortnight he must mount the faggot. Nor is there any kind of doubt that Lithgow would, at the appointed time, have sung his psalm amidst the flames but for the strange and striking streak of fate about to be described.

One night it happened that a Spanish cavalier from Granada was taking supper with the governor, who, for the amusement of his guest, related Lithgow's story. The servant of the cavalier, a Fleming, listened from behind his master's chair. The tale of terror chilled his blood; all night it robbed him of his rest. At dawn he stole off to the English consul and told him all he knew. The consul went to work with speed; the case was laid before the king of Spain. On Easter Saturday, at midnight, the governor received a mandate which made him tear his beard. His victim was to be instantly set free.

The cell door was thrown open; but the captive could as soon have flown out of his prison as have walked out on his feet. Hazior took him on his shoulders and conveyed him to the dwelling of an English merchant near at hand, whence he was carried in a swinging blanket to a British man-of-war, the *Vanguard*, which lay at anchor in the bay. Three days later he was bound for England.

Lithgow was wavering between life and death. Every care that pity could devise was lavished on him; but when the ship reached Deptford seven weeks later, he had not risen from his couch. The fame of his adventure spread before him. King James himself desired to see him; and Lithgow, borne upon a feather bed, was carried to the private gallery at Theobalds. There the king, together with the lords and ladies of the court, flocked eagerly about his mattress, and broke into cries of horror and compassion at the sight of the scarred, shrunk body, and the visage like a corpse's, which they had seen a few months earlier so full of life. The king himself was so much moved with pity that

he ordered Lithgow, at his own expense, to be conveyed to Bath, and nursed back into strength.

In that pleasant city Lithgow passed six months. By slow degrees his health returned to him; but there were tokens of the wild-beasts' den which he would carry to his grave. The fingers of one hand were drawn into the palm by the contraction of the sinews; the crushed bones of one arm remained ill-set; and his right foot was lamed for life.

By the king's agency, the Spanish envoy, Don Drego Sarmento de Gardamore, had undertaken that he should receive his property from Malaga, together with a thousand pounds as a solatium for his wrongs. When, however, Lithgow came from Bath to London, the envoy seemed inclined to shuffle from the bond. Lithgow, never the most patient of mankind, waited and fretted, and at last went mad with passion. In the presence-chamber of the palace he flew at the astounded don, and beat him with his fists. The lords-in-waiting pulled him off; but not before the don had suffered woefully.

The public sympathy was all with Lithgow; but the offence to the decorum of a court was gross, and he was sentenced to be kept for nine weeks in the Marshalsea. The punishment was light enough; but he had made a deadly enemy of Don Drego, and of his thousand pounds he never got a shilling.

This was his last adventure and misfortune. He retired to Scotland, and from that time forth, until his death in 1640, he roamed abroad no more. During his life he was, by those who knew his story, regarded as a hero and a martyr. Fame has treated him unkindly, and in our days he is more than half forgotten; but to those who know his story he is a hero and a martyr still.

From The Contemporary Review.
BROUGHT BACK FROM ELYSIUM.

SCENE. — *The Library of a Piccadilly club for high thinking and bad dinners; Time, midnight. Four eminent novelists of the day regarding each other self-consciously. They are (1) a Realist, (2) a Romancist, (3) an Elsmertian, (4) a Stylist. The clock strikes thirteen, and they all start.*

REALIST (*staring at the door and drawing back from it*). I thought I heard—something?

STYLIST. I — the — (*pauses to reflect on the best way of saying it was only the clock*).

(*A step is heard on the stair.*)

ELSMERIAN. Hark! It must be him and them. (*Stylist shudders*). I knew he would not fail us.

ROMANCISS (*nervously*). It may only be some member of the club.

ELSMERIAN. The hall-porter said we would be safe from intrusion in the library.

REALIST. I hear nothing now. (*His hand comes in contact with a bookcase*). How cold and clammy to the touch these books are. A strange place, gentlemen, for an eerie interview. (*To Elsmertian*). You really think they will come? You have no religious doubts about the existence of Elysian Fields?

ELSMERIAN. I do not believe in Elysium, but I believe in him.

REALIST. Still if — (*The door is shaken and the handle falls off*).

ROMANCISS. Ah! Even I have never imagined anything so weird as this. See, the door opens!

(*Enter an American novelist.*)

OMNES. Only you!

AMERICAN (*looking around him self-consciously*). I had always suspected that there was a library, though I have only been a member for a few months. Why do you look at me so strangely?

ELSMERIAN (*after whispering with the others*). We are agreed that since you have found your way here you should be permitted to stay; on the understanding, of course, that we still disapprove of your methods as profoundly as we despise each other.

AMERICAN. But what are you doing here, when you might be asleep downstairs?

ELSMERIAN (*impressively*). Have you never wished to hold converse with the mighty dead?

AMERICAN. I don't know them.

ELSMERIAN. I admit that the adjective was ill-chosen, but listen: the ghosts of Scott and some other novelists will join us presently. We are to talk with them about their work.

REALIST. And ours.

ELSMERIAN. And ours. They are being brought from the Grove of Bay-trees in the Elysian Fields.

AMERICAN. But they are antiquated, played out; and, besides, they will not come.

ROMANCISS. You don't understand. Stanley has gone for them.

AMERICAN. Stanley!

ELSMERIAN. It was a chance not to be missed. (*Looks at his watch*). They should have been here by this time; but on these occasions he is sometimes a little late.

(*Their mouths open as a voice rings through the club crying, "I cannot stop to argue with you; I'll find the way myself."*)

REALIST. It is he, but he may be alone. Perhaps they declined to accompany him?

ELSMERIAN (*with conviction*). He would bring them whether they wanted to come or not.

(*Enter Mr. Stanley with five Ghosts.*)

MR. STANLEY. Here they are. I hope the row below did not alarm you. The hall-porter wanted to know if I was a member, so I shot him. Waken me when you are ready to send them back.

(*Sits down and sleeps immediately.*)

FIRST GHOST. I am Walter Scott.

SECOND GHOST. I am Henry Fielding.

THIRD GHOST. My name is Smollett.

FOURTH GHOST. Mine is Dickens.

FIFTH GHOST. They used to call me Thack.

ALL THE GHOSTS. (*looking at the sleeper*). And we are a little out of breath.

AMERICAN (*to himself*). There is too much plot in this for me.

ELSMERIAN (*to the visitors*). Quite so. Now will you be so good as to stand in a row against that bookcase. (*They do so.*) Perhaps you have been wondering why we troubled to send for you?

SIR WALTER. We —

ELSMERIAN. You need not answer me, for it really doesn't matter. Since your days a great change has come over fiction — a kind of literature at which you all tried your hands — and it struck us that you might care to know how we moderns regard you.

REALIST. And ourselves.

ELSMERIAN. And ourselves. We had better begin with ourselves, as the night is already far advanced. You will be surprised to hear that fiction has become an art.

FIELDING. I am glad we came, though the gentleman (*looking at the sleeper*) was perhaps a little peremptory. You are all novelists?

ROMANCIER. No, I am a romancier, this gentleman is a realist, that one is a stylist, and —

ELSMERIAN. We had better explain to you that the word novelist has gone out of fashion in our circles. We have left it behind us —

SIR WALTER. I was always content with story-teller myself.

AMERICAN. Story-teller! All the stories have been told.

SIR WALTER (*wistfully*). How busy you must have been since my day.

ROMANCIER. We have, indeed, and not merely in writing stories — to use the language of the nursery. Now that fiction is an art, the work of its followers consists less in writing mere stories (to repeat a word that you will understand more readily than we) than in classifying ourselves and (when we have time for it) classifying you.

THACKERAY. But the term novelist satisfied us.

ELSMERIAN. There is a difference, I hope, between then and now. I cannot avoid speaking plainly, though I allow that you are the seed from which the tree has grown. May I ask what was your first step toward becoming novelists.

SMOLLETT (*with foolish promptitude*). We wrote a novel.

THACKERAY (*humbly*). I am afraid I began by wanting to write a good story, and then wrote it to the best of my ability. Is there any other way?

STYLIST. But how did you laboriously acquire your style?

THACKERAY. I thought little about style. I suppose, such as it was, it came naturally.

STYLIST. Pooh! Then there is no art in it.

ELSMERIAN. And what was your aim?

THACKERAY. Well, I had reason to believe that I would get something for it.

ELSMERIAN. Alas! to you the world was not a sea of drowning souls, nor the novel a stone to fling to them, that they might float on it to a quiet haven. You had no aims, no methods, no religious doubts, and you neither analyzed your characters nor classified yourselves.

AMERICAN. And you reflected so little about your art that you wrote story after story without realizing that all the stories had been told.

SIR WALTER. But if all the stories are told, how can you write novels?

AMERICAN. The story in a novel is of as little importance as the stone in a cherry. I have written three volumes about a lady and a gentleman who met on a car.

SIR WALTER. Yes, what happened to them?

AMERICAN. Nothing happened. That is the point of the story.

STYLIST. Style is everything. The true

novelist does nothing but think, think, think about his style, and then write, write, write about it. I dare say I am one of the most perfect stylists living. Oh, but the hours, the days, the years of introspection I have spent in acquiring my style!

THACKERAY (*sadly*). If I had only thought more of style! May I ask how many books you have written?

STYLIST. Only one—and that I have withdrawn from circulation. Ah, sir, I am such a stylist that I dare not write anything. Yet I meditate a work.

SIR WALTER. A story?

STYLIST. No, an essay on style. I shall devote four years to it.

SIR WALTER. And I wrote two novels in four months!

STYLIST. Yes, that is still remembered against you. Well, you paid the penalty, for your books are still popular.

DICKENS. But is not popularity nowadays a sign of merit?

STYLIST. To be popular is to be damned.

SIR WALTER. I can see from what you tell me that I was only a child. I thought little about how novels should be written. I only tried to write them, and as for style, I am afraid I merely used the words that came most readily. (*Stylist groans.*) I had such an interest in my characters (*American groans*), such a love for them (*Realist groans*), that they were like living beings to me. Action seemed to come naturally to them, and all I had to do was to run after them with my pen.

ROMANCIIST. In the dark days you had not a cheap press, nor scores of magazines and reviews. Ah, we have many opportunities that were denied to you.

FIELDING. We printed our stories in books.

ROMANCIIST. I was not thinking of the mere stories. It is not our stories that we spend much time over, but the essays, and discussions, and interviews about our art. Why, there is not a living man in this room, except the sleeper, who has not written as many articles and essays about how novels should be written as would stock a library.

SMOLLETT. But we thought that the best way of showing how they should be written was to write them.

REALIST (*bitingly*). And as a result, you cannot say at this moment whether you are a realist, a romancist, an American analyst, a stylist, or an Elsmertian! Your labors have been fruitless.

SMOLLETT. What am I?

ROMANCIIST. I refuse to include you among novelists at all, for your artistic views (which we have discovered for you) are different from mine. You are a realist. Therefore I blot you out.

SIR WALTER (*anxiously*). I suppose I am a romancist?

REALIST. Yes, and therefore I cannot acknowledge you. Your work has to go.

AMERICAN. It has gone. I never read it. Indeed, I can't stand any of you. In short, I am an American analyst.

DICKENS (*dreamily*). One of the most remarkable men in that country.

AMERICAN. Yes, sir, I am one of its leading writers of fiction without a story—along with Silas K. Weekes, Thomas John Hillocks, William P. Crinkle, and many others whose fame must have reached the Grove of Bay-trees. We write even more essays about ourselves than they do in this old country.

ELSMERIAN. Nevertheless, romanticism, realism, and analysis are mere words, as empty as a drum. Religious doubt is the only subject for the novelist nowadays; and if he is such a poor creature as to have no religious doubts, he should leave fiction alone.

STYLIST. Style is everything. I can scarcely sleep at nights for thinking of my style.

FIELDING. This, of course, is very interesting to us who know so little, yet, except that it enables you to label yourselves, it does not seem to tell you much. After all, does it make a man a better novelist to know that other novelists pursue the wrong methods? You seem to despise each other cordially, while Smollett and I, for instance, can enjoy Sir Walter. We are content to judge him by results, and to consider him a great novelist because he wrote great novels.

ELSMERIAN. You will never be able to reach our standpoint if you cannot put the mere novels themselves out of the question. The novelist should be considered quite apart from his stories.

REALIST. It is nothing to me that I am a novelist, but I am proud of being a realist. That is the great thing.

ROMANCIIST. Consider, Mr. Smollett, if you had thought and written about yourself as much as I have done about myself you might never have produced one of the works by which you are now known. That would be something to be proud of. You might have written romances, like mine and Sir Walter's.

ELSMERIAN. Or have had religious doubts.

STYLIST. Or have become a stylist, and written nothing at all.

REALIST. And you, Sir Walter, might have become one of us.

THACKERAY. But why should we not have written simply in the manner that suited us best? If the result is good, who cares for the label?

ROMANCIIST (*eying Sir Walter severely*). No one has any right to be a romancist unconsciously. Romance should be written with an effort—as I write it. I question, sir, if you ever defined romance?

SIR WALTER (*weakly*). I had a general idea of it, and I thought that perhaps my books might be allowed to speak for me.

ROMANCIIST. We have got beyond that stage. Romance (that is to say, fiction) has been defined by one of its followers as "not nature, it is not character, it is not imagined history; it is fallacy, poetic fallacy; a lie, if you like, a beautiful lie, a lie that is at once false and true—false to fact, true to faith."

(*The Ghosts look at each other apprehensively*).

SIR WALTER. Would you mind repeating that? (*Romancist repeats it*). And are my novels all that? To think of their being that, and I never knew! I give you my word, sir, that when I wrote "Ivanhoe," for example, I merely wanted to— to tell a story.

REALIST. Still in your treatment of the Templar, you boldly cast off the chains of romanticism and rise to realism.

ELSMERIAN. To do you justice, the Templar seems to have religious doubts.

STYLIST. I once wrote a little paper on your probable reasons for using the word "wand" in circumstances that would perhaps have justified the use of "reed." I have not published it.

SIR WALTER. This would be more gratifying to me if I thought that I deserved it.

AMERICAN. I remember reading "Ivanhoe" before I knew any better; but even then I thought it poor stuff. There is no analysis in it worthy of the name. Why did Rowena drop her handkerchief? Instead of telling us that, you prance off after a band of archers. Do you really believe that intellectual men and women are interested in tournaments?

SIR WALTER. You have grown so old since my day. Besides, I have admitted that the Waverley novels were written simply to entertain the public.

ELSMERIAN. No one, I hope, reads my stories for entertainment. We have become serious now.

AMERICAN. I have thought at times that I could have made something of "Ivanhoe." Yes, sir, if the theme had been left to me I would have worked it out in a manner quite different from yours. In my mind's eye I can see myself developing the character of the hero. I would have made him more like ourselves. The Rebecca, too, I would have reduced in size. Of course the plot would have had to go overboard, with Robin Hood and Richard, and we would have had no fighting. Yes, it might be done. I would call it, let me see, I would call it "Wilfrid: a Study."

THACKERAY (*timidly*). Have you found out what I am?

AMERICAN. You are tolerably prosy.

STYLIST. Some people called Philistines maintain that you are a stylist; but evidently you forgot yourself too frequently for that.

ROMANCIIST. You were a cynic, which kills romanticism.

REALIST. And men allow their wives to read you, so you don't belong to us.

AMERICAN (*testily*). No, sir, you need not turn to me. You and I have nothing in common.

DICKENS. I am a —?

REALIST. It is true that you wrote about the poor; but how did you treat them? Are they all women of the street and brawling ruffians? Instead of dwelling forever on their sordid misery, and gloating over their immorality, you positively regard them from a genial standpoint. I regret to have to say it, but you are a romancist.

ROMANCIIST. No, no, Mr. Dickens, do not cross to me. You wrote with a purpose, sir. Remember Dotheboys Hall.

ELSMERIAN. A novel without a purpose is as a helmless ship.

DICKENS (*aghast*). Then I am an Elsmesian?

ELSMERIAN. Alas! you had no other purpose than to add to the material comforts of the people. Not one of your characters was troubled with religious doubts. Where does Mr. Pickwick pause to ask himself why he should not be an atheist? You cannot answer. In these days of earnest self-communion we find Mr. Pickwick painfully wanting. How can readers rise from his pages in distress of mind? You never give them a chance.

THACKERAY. No, there is nothing sickly about Pickwick.

ELSMERIAN. Absolutely nothing. He is of a different world (I am forced to say this) from that in which my heroes move.

Not, indeed, that they do move much. Give me a chair and a man with doubts, and I will give you a novel. He has only to sit on that chair —

STYLIST. As I sit on mine, thinking, thinking, thinking about my style.

DICKENS. Young people in love are out of fashion in novels nowadays, I suppose?

ELSMERIAN. Two souls in doubt may meet and pule as one.

THACKERAY. As a novelist I had no loftier belief than this — that high art is high morality, and that the better the literature the more ennobling it must be.

REALIST. And this man claimed to be one of us!

DICKENS. I wrote for a wide public (*Stylist sighs*), whom I loved (*Realist sighs*). I loved my characters, too (*American sighs*), they seemed so real to me (*Romancist sighs*), and so I liked to leave them happy. I believe I wanted to see the whole world happy (*Elsmerian sighs*).

SIR WALTER. I also had that ambition.

THACKERAY. Do you even find Mr. Pickwick's humor offensive nowadays?

ROMANCIST. To treat a character with humor is to lift him from his pedestal to the earth.

ELSMERIAN. We have no patience with humor. In these days of anxious thought humor seems a trivial thing. The world has grown sadder since your time, and we novelists of to-day begin where you left off. Were I to write a continuation of "The Pickwick Papers," I could not treat the subject as Mr. Dickens did; I really could not.

STYLIST. Humor is vulgar.

AMERICAN. Humor, sir, has been refined and chastened since the infancy of fiction, and I am certain that were my humorous characters to meet yours mine would be made quite uncomfortable. Mr. Pickwick could not possibly be received in the drawing-room of Sara H. Finney, and Sam Weller would be turned out of her kitchen. I believe I am not overstating the case when I say that one can positively laugh at your humor.

DICKENS. They used to laugh.

AMERICAN. Ah, they never laugh at mine.

DICKENS. But if I am not a realist, nor a romancist, nor an Elsmerian, nor a —

AMERICAN. Oh, we have placed you. In Boston we could not live without placing everybody, and you are ticketed a caricaturist.

DICKENS (*sighing*). I liked the old way best, of being simply a novelist.

AMERICAN. That was too barbarous for Boston. We have analyzed your methods, and found them puerile. You have no subtle insight into character. You could not have written a novel about a lady's reasons for passing the cruet. Nay, more, we find that you never drew either a lady or a gentleman. Your subsidiary characters alone would rule you out of court. To us it is hard work to put all we have to say about a lady and gentleman who agree not to become engaged into three volumes. But you never send your hero twelve miles in a coach without adding another half-dozen characters to your list. There is no such lack of artistic barrenness in our school.

SMOLLETT (*enthusiastically*). What novels you who think so much about the art must write nowadays! You will let us take away a few samples? (*The live novelists cough*).

REALIST (*huskily*). You — you have heard of our work in the Grove of Bay-trees?

SIR WALTER (*apologetically*). You see we are not in the way of hearing — (*politely*). But we look forward to meeting you there some day.

THACKERAY. And resuming this conversation. None of you happens to be the gentleman who is rewriting Shakespeare and Homer, I suppose? It is of no consequence; I — I only thought that if he had been here I would have liked to look at him. That is all.

FIELDING (*looking at the sleeper*). He said he would take us back.

(*The novelists shake Mr. Stanley timidly, but he sleeps on.*)

STYLIST (*with a happy inspiration*). Emin —

MR. STANLEY (*starting to his feet*). You are ready? Fall in behind me. Quick march —

SIR WALTER. You won't mind carrying these books for us? (*Gives Stanley samples of realism, Elsmerism, etc.*)

MR. STANLEY. Right. I shall give them to the first man we meet in Piccadilly to carry.

ROMANCIST (*foolishly*). He may refuse.

MR. STANLEY (*grimly*). I think not. Now then —

ELSMERIAN (*good-naturedly*). A moment, sir. We have shown these gentlemen how the art of fiction has developed since their day, and now if they care to offer us a last word of advice —

SIR WALTER. We could not presume.

THACKERAY. As old-fashioned novelists of some repute at one time, we might

say this: that perhaps if you thought and wrote less about your styles and methods and the aim of fiction, and, in short, forgot yourselves now and again in your stories, you might get on better with your work. Think it over.

MR. STANLEY. Quick march.

(*The novelists are left looking at each other self-consciously.*)

J. M. BARRIE.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A GLANCE AT CONTEMPORARY GREECE.

BEFORE many weeks have passed another insurrection will break out in Crete. In Macedonia the Greek population is chafing at the Servian propaganda now vigorously promoted by Russia. In Epirus it is protesting with all its might against the abolition of the Hellenic language in the law-courts and schools. In Cyprus it is groaning under the exactions of our countrymen, who are acting as the bailiffs of the Sublime Porte. Meanwhile how are things going on in that little patch of rugged land wherein a Greek can call himself a free man?

The student of modern politics will find many difficulties and distractions at Athens. For if he be imbued with any tinge of classical scholarship, his sympathy is attracted from the present to the past; he finds himself in the midst of a learned society, partly Greek but mainly foreign, which cares nothing for things modern and lives in ruined temples and museums. He is tempted to judge the Greeks of today by the standard of a greater age. And, even if his soul is dead to the glories of the past, he is still not without his troubles; for every Athenian whom he meets is a politician, and every politician whom he meets supplies him, not only with conflicting opinions, but with conflicting facts. Like their eloquent ancestors, the Athenians have a marvellous command of facts as well as arguments, and the student of Greek politics finds a wide field for the exercise of his judgment.

It is hard to descend from the clear air and majestic stillness of the Parthenon into the noisy, heated atmosphere of the Boulé—the Greek House of Parliament. And yet the Boulé, at the time of my arrival in Athens, was a centre of no ordinary interest. The prime minister, M. Trikoupès, had introduced the budget for the present year before the Christmas hol-

idays, but the discussion had been put off till the reassembling of the Chamber; and it was understood that the opposition had meanwhile been preparing for a supreme effort to overthrow the government. A campaign of resolute obstruction in the Boulé had been planned, accompanied by certain movements outside the Boulé, of which I shall speak hereafter. The programme of obstruction, however, was to be preceded by a programme of abstention. To secure the passing of the budget it was necessary for the government to keep together a quorum of seventy-six members in a house of a hundred and fifty. The government majority considerably exceeds the necessary quorum; but bad weather, domestic afflictions, and, last of all, the influenza, combined to thin its ranks; and the opposition decided not to put in an appearance. Day after day the date for the reassembling of the Chamber was put off; false alarms were frequent, and nothing was certain except that telegrams were incessantly going to and fro between the government and the missing deputies. Eventually a quorum was formed consisting entirely of ministerialists; the roll was called, and the house might have proceeded to pass the budget if a chosen phalanx of the opposition, which lay in ambush for the purpose, had not suddenly appeared and proceeded to harass the government with a series of interpellations, effectually preventing the progress of business. These tactics were continued for more than a fortnight, until the government decided not to reply *viva voce* any longer, but merely to hand in papers giving the required information. The opposition then allowed the budget to be introduced, for it is not compatible with human nature to revile unceasingly a dumb antagonist. But the system of combined abstention and obstruction went on merrily as before. When, after a sitting of many hours, a few of the ministerialists would leave the house in order to obtain necessary refreshment, the opposition, seizing the opportunity, would withdraw in a body, leaving one of its members behind to demand a count. This gentleman, after having moved that the roll be called, would make a precipitate departure from the house, in the course of his flight adjuring the president not to count his name. It was interesting to speculate how Mr. Speaker Reid, of Washington, would have dealt with such tactics.

After enduring this state of things for more than a month, the government resolved to make a stand, and after an all-

night sitting, which lasted seventeen hours, the budget was passed. Four or five members of the opposition talked out the night, while their friends went home to bed; but the whole forces of the government remained at their post. English legislators, accustomed to the luxury of that best of clubs, the House of Commons, will hardly appreciate the devotion of the beleaguered ministerialists. The *Boulé* contains neither smoking-rooms nor dining-rooms, nor other convenient places of retreat; and the faithful followers of M. Trikoups were compelled to provision themselves for the night as best they could. Hidden stores of cakes and sandwiches, of sweetmeats, caviare, and cheese, were produced in all directions, and shared with a touching generosity; tea and chocolate flowed abundantly—cold, I presume, for I did not notice any spirit-lamps, though they may have been below the seats; and in the still hours of the night the monotonous voice of sleepy orators was occasionally interrupted by the sound of the liberation of bottled beer. Picturesque deputies from the mountain districts, arrayed in gorgeous cloaks and fustanellas, reposed calmly on the benches, as though upon their native heath, while other figures, in the hideous garb of modern civilization, might be seen disposed around in every attitude of slumber. Once, after the grey light of dawn had begun to steal through the windows, the sharp clang of the president's bell was heard, calling some refractory member to order; when, as though in response to the signal, the solemn tolling of great bells without began to fill the morning air, for it was the first Sunday in Lent, a day of high ceremonial in the Orthodox cult. While others slept or walked about to keep themselves awake, the prime minister remained in his seat, calm, vigilant, determined; he only once left the house for a few minutes in order to obtain a cup of tea in the president's private room. As M. Trikoups explained to me, the rules of the Greek Parliament were not framed in view of obstructive tactics, but he does not intend at present to suggest their alteration. He holds that the better sense of the nation will repudiate these methods, and he meets the difficulties which are thrown in his way with remarkable calmness and indifference. An idea of those difficulties may be formed if one can imagine a British government compelled to keep a quorum of half the House of Commons in constant attendance at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, or some other

building wholly unlike their present temple of luxury. M. Trikoups holds that the first example of obstruction was set in the British Parliament; but the proceedings of the Greek opposition appear to me rather to resemble those of M. Tiszá's adversaries at Budapest. In both cases the main object is to overthrow a minister whose principal fault consists in his long tenure of power, the criticism is largely directed against his financial policy, and the attack is not confined to ordinary, or even obstructive methods of political warfare.

Of the three great statesmen whom the present generation has produced in south-eastern Europe M. Charilaos Trikoups is not the least remarkable. The most brilliant feature of M. Bratiano's long administration in Roumania was his successful foreign policy, and the skill and boldness with which he rescued his country from the designs of a faithless ally; M. Stamboulouff will ever be remembered as the man who saved Bulgaria in a dark moment of her history, and vindicated her independence during a prolonged crisis with extraordinary courage and resolution. A less conspicuous but a not less important *role* has been reserved for M. Trikoups. The Greeks are impulsive, headstrong, and ambitious, full of schemes for the aggrandizement of Greece, but little disposed to wait for the favorable moment, or to adopt the best-considered plan, for their realization. In patriotic ambition and belief in the destiny of Greece M. Trikoups is not behind the most ardent of his countrymen, but it has nevertheless been his duty again and again to repress the fervor of their aspirations. A more difficult or ungrateful task it is impossible to imagine, but M. Trikoups has never hesitated to discharge it; and he has more than once resigned office rather than put himself at the head of a popular movement of which he disapproved. It was so in 1881, when the national indignation rose high at the refusal of Turkey to carry out the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, and again in 1885, when the war-fever broke out which entailed a blockade, a paralysis of commerce, and a heavy outlay which the country could ill afford. But with the exception of a single year (March, 1885, to April, 1886) M. Trikoups has been in office since the spring of 1882.

In Greece a prime minister does not gain in popularity by prolonged tenure of power. Every one is a politician, and every peasant's son who has learned to drive a quill expects a government ap-

pointment. When his party is out of office he hangs about the cafés of his native town and spends his time in abusing the government. When his party is in power he expects to be provided for; he besieges the various ministries with applications for every conceivable employment, and in the end, if unsuccessful, he joins the opposition. Inasmuch as the multitude of unsuccessful candidates may now be reckoned by the thousand, it will easily be understood that M. Trikoupès has not increased the number of his political friends during an administration extending over seven years. Hitherto the duration of governments has been counted by months rather than by years, and any minister who prolongs his official life beyond the conventional span is looked upon as a usurper. I have heard serious politicians gravely allege that the principal fault of M. Trikoupès is that he has ruled too long. The Greek mind, with its intensely democratic tendency, looks upon the enjoyment of office as a perquisite to be shared by all in turn; it revolts against the superiority of individual genius, even when combined with spotless integrity and unwearied industry. The Athenians are like their forefathers, who selected their magistrates annually by lot, and who ostracized Aristides.

It is a remarkable fact that permanent influence over the democratic mind has often been acquired by those who neglect and despise the arts which tend to popularity. Like Pericles and Phocion in former times, M. Trikoupès seems to have lost nothing by a reserve of manner which many of his countrymen attribute to hauteur; like Mr. Parnell in our own day, he inspires his followers with confidence by appearing to share neither their hopes nor fears. If the prime minister is known at Athens by the *sobriquet* of "the Englishman," it is not only, let us hope, because he is supposed to possess our insular frigidity of manner. Unlike most Oriental statesmen, M. Trikoupès has never been known to accept a present; and what this means will be best understood by those who remember M. Edmond About's story of the two foreign ministers, predecessor and successor, who openly went to law for the possession of a service of plate, which arrived at the Foreign Office during a change of ministry, and which each of them claimed as a *pot de vin* on account of services rendered, or about to be rendered, to the sender. M. About and others are not quite fair in judging an Oriental people by the standard

of Western morality; but the Greeks cannot escape the fierce light reflected upon them by illustrious ancestors and noble ruins. The example of unimpeachable probity set by M. Trikoupès during a long administration cannot but have a valuable influence upon the ethics of Greek political life; his extraordinary industry — for he works daily from dawn till past midnight — is a standing reproach to lazy politicians who do nothing but talk, and his success in retaining power has taught the loungers in the cafés that mere vituperation will not necessarily upset a ministry. His indifference to the attacks of the daily press is very characteristic, for he recognizes the fact that the incredulity of his countrymen keeps pace with their power of invention. In Greece there is no symptom of that "decay of lying" which exercises the mind of Mr. Oscar Wilde.

The greater part of the Greek press is hostile to the government, and attacks it with a violence almost inconceivable to Englishmen. The government has lost the support of many journals from various causes. The intense love of equality, the ruling passion of the Greek race, renders the maintenance of discipline almost impossible, whether in political or military life. Every man is as good as his fellow, and when his fellow is preferred to him he cannot forgive the slight. Some gentlemen on the staff of one of the newspapers friendly to the ministry desired M. Trikoupès to guarantee them two or three seats in the Boulé; M. Trikoupès refused, and immediately the journal changed its politics and declared war on the government. The editor of another journal, hitherto devoted to the ministerial party, derived the greater part of his income from the proceeds of a gambling-den. The prime minister ordered this attractive place of entertainment to be closed; and next morning the journal in question amazed its readers by a violent onslaught on the government. It then disappeared, and has not been heard of again. When I asked M. Trikoupès how it was that he cared for none of these things, he replied that perhaps he was wrong in doing so; that Prince Bismarck, at least, attached great importance to the press. The government, he said, had now no official organ. To give an idea of the Greek polemic style, I translate a passage, taken almost at random, from one of the principal journals. It will be seen that a wealth of invective has descended to the posterity of Aeschines and Demosthenes:

With such a government as this, which has planted throughout all Greece the thorns and brambles of infamy and crime, a government that leans for support on malefactors and armed desperadoes — a voracious monster, which, having gorged itself on the vitals of justice and order, threatens to swallow up the dynasty as well, we fear that our worthy contemporaries, who acknowledge these facts, can only act consistently with their declared opinions by issuing a proclamation to the army and people of Greece, bidding them fraternize, fly to arms, and crush this all-devouring faction, more loathsome than the foulest of tyrants.

These vigorous diatribes occupy a considerable space in the daily newspapers, but it is hard to say what effect they have upon a sceptical and intelligent people like the Greeks. In the towns they are probably perused for amusement, but in the country, where the peasants form groups in the village inns to hear the newspapers read aloud by the schoolmaster or some other literary person, no doubt they are taken more seriously. It is remarkable that even the illiterate peasants can understand the written language, though it differs so much from the dialect they speak. Now and then a word must be explained to them, but that is all. Their keenness for information is very striking, and makes one hope for great things of them by-and-by. It is calculated that at least a third of the newspapers find their way into the country districts. The leading articles are usually addressed directly to the public by the use of the second person plural: "Do ye wish to know something of the infamous acts of Trikoupi's government?" is the opening sentence of the article from which I have just quoted. The Greek newspapers occupy themselves almost exclusively with home questions; but a journal in French is published at Athens, which includes foreign politics within its purview, and even contains articles on "L'affaire Times-Piggott" and "La Question Irlandaise."

The general tendency to indiscipline, which forms a weak point in the Greek character, is attributable not only to the native passion for equality, but to traditions which survive from a time when resistance to the constituted authority was honorable and patriotic. A Greek is proud of his descent from a Klepht who slew a Turkish pasha, no matter how the act was committed; and the ancient house of Mavromichalés looks upon its scions who assassinated Kapodistria as the Harmodius and Aristogeitón of modern

Greece. Private revenge is still sanctioned by public opinion, at least among the peasantry. Faction fights, originating in family feuds, and even what the newspapers call "battles,"* are of frequent occurrence. Revolvers, yataghans, and knives are the weapons usually employed; stones are always available in this rugged country, and women and children take part in the fray. A "battle" lately took place at Mandra, not many miles from Athens, resulting in a heavy list of casualties. Four persons were killed, including a child who died of fright, and five were wounded. According to official statistics published, I think, in 1888, the number of murders in the preceding year was five hundred and forty, in a population of a little over two millions. In Bulgaria and eastern Roumelia, where the population exceeds three millions, the average of murders in recent years has been two hundred and sixty-six. The Bulgarian peasant, however, is less passionate and more economical than the Greek; he cannot afford, or thinks he cannot afford, the civilized revolver, and he must fain be content to belabor his enemy with a stout stick. Capital punishment exists in Greece; but here, as elsewhere, it is not severity that is required, but certainty in the punishment and speed in the detection of crime. The want of discipline which exists in the police force often aids the escape of criminals. Not many days ago a malefactor who was known to be lurking in the island of Salamis made his escape to the mainland and disappeared while the authorities at the Peiræus were wrangling over the best means of effecting his arrest. Epaminondas, son of Solon, and Agamemnon, son of Chrysostom, quarrel in the village tavern about the quality of the wine; Epaminondas fires his revolver at his friend and runs away; the police arrive, after a suitable interval, and arrest the wounded Agamemnon. Epaminondas remains in the mountains for a while, and nothing more is heard of the matter. A gendarmerie, well organized after the Bulgarian model, is much needed; some restriction should be imposed on the sale of firearms, more particularly of revolvers, the promiscuous use of which tends not only to the increase of murder and suicide, but to the disfigurement of ancient monuments, which are used as targets; and above all the ruinous practice should be discontinued of bringing political influence to bear for the pardon of offenders.

* *Μάχαι*; minor engagements are called *συμπλοκαί*.

The friends and relatives of an imprisoned criminal put pressure on the deputy for their district to obtain his release; the deputy puts pressure on the government; and as the number of members of the Boulé has been latterly reduced to one hundred and fifty, the individual importance of each deputy is now very considerable. It was with a view to checking the local influence of electors upon deputies that M. Trikoupés diminished the number of the latter and enlarged the constituencies, and he now sets his face against these pernicious attempts on the part of the deputies to frustrate the law. It should be mentioned that no prisoner from the district of Missolonghi, which M. Trikoupés represents, has ever been reprieved by private favor.

It would be strange if the army were altogether unaffected by the general tendency towards want of discipline. The Greeks make excellent sailors, but as soldiers they seem only fitted for irregular warfare. The physique of the ordinary infantry is decidedly poor; the *chasseurs (εβζανος)* are a finer-looking set of men, who would probably do good service in a mountain campaign; there are three regiments of cavalry and three of artillery. The uniform is of the French pattern, but the chasseurs wear the national costume with flowing petticoats and tasselled fez; they wear a tight belt, so tight, indeed, that their waists appear miraculously small. If it be anywhere allowable to tight-lace a guinea-pig for the instruction of mankind, it is in Greece; for here mankind, and not womankind alone, would profit by the demonstration. In "smartness" and military bearing the Greeks are altogether inferior to the Bulgarians, who undoubtedly make the best soldiers in the Peninsula; the Roumanians rank next, while the Greeks and Servians seem much on a level. A serious drawback to the efficiency of the Greek army has been the want of manœuvres on a large scale; this year, however, there are to be extensive manœuvres in Acarnania, which will considerably increase the budget of the ministry of war, and are said to be the cause of some trepidation among the Turkish authorities at Janina. The prime minister, whose capacity for work is prodigious, at present holds the portfolio of war as well as that of finance; but he will probably entrust the former to a military officer before many weeks have passed. This decision is said to have been hastened by some symptoms of insubordination which lately showed themselves at Larissa; but I have

reason to know that M. Trikoupés has intended for some time to devote himself more exclusively to the complicated questions of finance in which he takes a special interest. The trouble at Larissa occurred about the same time as the discovery of Major Panitza's plot in Bulgaria. A section of the opposition, probably without the knowledge of the principal leaders, determined that a grand, simultaneous assault should be made on the government by obstruction in the Chamber, disturbances at Athens, and a *pronunciamiento* in the army. It was hoped that the king would take alarm and dismiss M. Trikoupés. The *pronunciamiento* was to take place at three or four military stations on the same day; but before the plot was ripe the secret was betrayed by some young officers at Larissa, who talked incautiously in a café. M. Trikoupés on receiving information immediately telegraphed ordering that the officers implicated should be sent to various other stations; but the commandant at Larissa, for reasons best known to himself, did not carry out the order, and went to Athens to expostulate, it is said, with M. Trikoupés and to lay a statement of grievances before the king. The king, however, insisted on the order being obeyed, and the officers went to the posts assigned to them. In most European countries an occurrence like this would have involved a series of courts-martial, but a certain amount of indiscipline must be allowed for in Greece, and the affair has been treated too seriously by foreign critics. When a prime minister rules an army, either in person as M. Trikoupés, or through a near relative as M. Stambouloff, complaints, however unfounded, as to the connection of politics with promotion are sure to be frequent; and I think M. Trikoupés will do wisely in handing over the portfolio of war to a professional soldier.

This attempt to bring pressure to bear on the king by means of the army only shows that strictly constitutional methods of agitation are not yet understood in Greece. Sixty years is a short period for any nation to become grounded in the maxims of constitutionalism. It is not true, as a recent writer asserts, that Greece is suffering from the application of a "cut-and-dry constitution," for King Otho ruled absolutely for ten years, and the liberty the country now enjoys may almost be said to have been won by degrees. A considerable latitude must be allowed, as M. Trikoupés explained to me, to the parliamentary minority, inasmuch as there is no upper

house to revise the decisions of the majority. An eminent politician, who lately told an English audience that no State in Europe has been able to do without a second chamber, must have forgotten that Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria dispense with that luxury. King George, who has ruled Greece for more than a quarter of a century, has always kept strictly to the lines of the constitution. He is neither a *doctrinaire* nor a profound politician, but he is gifted with tact and a thorough knowledge of man — qualities invaluable to the ruler of an unruly people. The king knows when to yield, and how to do so with a good grace. It is an open secret that he is strongly in favor of M. Trikoupès's administration, for he sees that a continuity of government and a policy of caution are necessary for Greece in this critical period of her history. Queen Olga, the daughter of a Russian grand duke, was at first supposed to be a strong partisan of Russia; but her Majesty, who sets an admirable example to the women of Greece by her devotion to works of charity, in reality takes little interest in politics. The king enjoys great personal popularity with his subjects, and he is remarkably courteous and kind to foreigners, especially to Englishmen, with whom he converses in perfect English, and who naturally feel a peculiar interest in the brother of their future queen.

The leader of the opposition, M. Delyannès, makes an interesting contrast with his rival the prime minister. While M. Trikoupès represents Western culture and Western ideas, M. Delyannès is thoroughly Oriental and Greek. M. Trikoupès, a native of Missolonghi, and a son of the distinguished historian of the War of Greek Independence, spent much of his early life in London and Paris; M. Delyannès, a native of Arcadia, began his career as an *employé* in one of the government offices at Athens. M. Trikoupès received an early training in diplomacy; M. Delyannès saw little of foreign lands till he went as minister of Greece to Paris and afterwards to Berlin, where he had charge of the interests of his country during the Congress. He there made the acquaintance of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, but the English statesman he remembers with most pleasure is Mr. Gladstone, whom he afterwards met in London. M. Delyannès was subsequently employed in the delimitation of the Turco-Greek frontier in 1882, and speaks warmly of the sympathy and assistance which Mr. Gladstone gave to Greece at that time.

As an orator M. Trikoupès has no equal among his contemporaries; his diction is in the purest style of modern Greek, and his arguments are arranged with skill and massed with extraordinary force and cogency. If the eloquence of M. Trikoupès may be described as synthetic, that of M. Delyannès is analytic. He excels in mastery of detail and clearness of exposition; but owing to his tendency to dwell on particulars he does not arrest the attention of the Chamber as successfully as the prime minister. His style is thought by some to be equal to that of M. Trikoupès, but his oratory on the whole is less effective. As a party leader M. Trikoupès exercises a remarkable ascendancy over his followers, among whom he has no present or prospective rival; he maintains a discipline unexampled in Greece among the rank and file of his party, and he keeps up relations with numerous men of local influence throughout the country on whose assistance he relies at the elections. He has set his face against the Oriental system by which the government of the day uses the forces at its command to coerce voters, and his English notions on this and other points were thought so singular at one time, that an old friend warned him that his hopes of success as an apostle of reform were destined to failure. "One cuckoo," he said, "does not bring the spring." M. Delyannès, on the other hand, has but a slight control over his partisans, among whom there are several men of considerable ability and debating power; he depends much upon the popularity which he has gained by personal affability, by keen sympathy with the national feeling, and thorough knowledge of the affairs of the country. He swims with the tide, not deeming it his mission to regenerate Greek political morality; but his personal integrity is unimpeachable, though, like the prime minister, he is by no means a rich man.

Two important subjects now occupy the attention of Greek public men — the financial condition of the country, and the perennial question of Crete. I have already described the obstructive tactics with which M. Trikoupès's budget was opposed. That statesman's financial policy has attracted some attention in England, but it would be impossible to discuss it thoroughly in the space at my disposal. When M. Trikoupès last accepted office, on the resignation of M. Delyannès's ministry in April, 1886, Greece appeared to be on the verge of bankruptcy. The exact amount of the debt, which the warlike

policy of M. Delyannés entailed on the country, is still a matter of dispute between parties; M. Delyannés admits to having spent 52 million drachmae on the mobilization; and the budget of 1885 and 1886, during which years he was in office for twelve months altogether, show together a declared deficit of 95 millions, though the actual deficit of the two years amounted to 128,936,000 dr. It must further be remembered that M. Delyannés reintroduced the paper circulation, obtaining upwards of 70 millions from the banks, and so leaving the State a loser to the extent of 33 millions, inasmuch as it had raised 103 millions to effect the abolition of paper money in 1884. The deficits of the last-named year and of 1883, during the former administration of M. Trikoupés, amounted to more than 30 millions. In resuming office in 1886, M. Trikoupés found himself confronted with two disagreeable alternatives — national bankruptcy, or the imposition of excessive taxation. The condition of affairs was then so desperate that M. Karapanos, a prominent member of the opposition, did not hesitate, in a manifesto addressed to his constituents, to recommend a course practically amounting to repudiation. "Let us give our creditors," he said, "60 per cent. of their interest money, assuring them that we will pay them the remaining 40 per cent. when the resources of the country enable us to do so." The date of payment would probably have coincided with the Greek calends.

This short-sighted proposal, with which M. Delyannés assures me he did not agree, was wisely rejected by the prime minister, and the country supported him in his decision, a decision alike honorable to the government and the governed. M. Trikoupés resolved on imposing additional taxation to the amount of 30 per cent.; and the revenue, which in 1886 produced 62 millions, was estimated in the budget of 1887 at 94½ millions, of which sum 89 millions were found to be ascertained payable revenue, and nearly 83 millions were actually collected. Thus the amount of arrears was only 754 per cent. as compared with the hitherto normal amount of 10 per cent.; and the result, even allowing for improved methods of collection, showed that the country was able to support the burden. The amount of arrears for 1888 was about 8 per cent.; the estimated receipts were 95 millions; the ascertained payable revenue was nearly 97 millions, whereas 89 millions were collected. The figures for 1889 are not yet

procurable, but M. Trikoupés calculates the collected revenue at 88,073,000 dr., against an estimated revenue of 96,449,000 in the budget of that year. In the budget for the present year the receipts are estimated at 93,967,000 dr.; but there will be a corresponding falling off in the amount collected. The difference between estimated receipts and revenue verified as payable is due to the uncertainty of all human calculations, but the falling off in the amount collected will appear strange to most English critics, who will naturally ask why the budget estimates are not based on probable receipts. It must be remembered, on the one hand, that Greece is a land of small cultivators, mostly poor, and that the difficulty of collecting taxes increases with the number of those who pay; and also that the method of collection is still undergoing reform. On the other hand, with respect to the budget estimates, it should be understood that the expenditure, as well as the receipts, is estimated considerably above its probable figure; for inasmuch as the finance minister is forbidden by law to transfer credits, not merely from one department of the public service to another, but even from one sub-division to another, he is compelled as a precaution to estimate each small heading of expenditure at its maximum. Consequently, though estimated receipts and expenditure may balance each other in the budget, the minister, in order to arrive at an equilibrium, must effect a series of economies in the administration of the year in order to meet an inevitable deficiency in the revenue collected. It is a slipshod system, but it at least has the advantage of securing rigorous parsimony in the administration. In 1887 M. Trikoupés succeeded in balancing the budget, a very remarkable feat under the circumstances; in 1888 there was a slight deficit of two millions; in 1889 it seems probable that not only an equilibrium but a small surplus has been ensured. These are brilliant results, and though they have been in part effected by conversions of debt and other financial operations which cannot be indefinitely continued, they are full of happy augury for the future of Greece.

The speech in which M. Trikoupés introduced the budget of this year is a masterly and statesmanlike exposition of financial principles. The key-note of his policy is the encouragement of home production. "We must by all possible means," he said, "encourage home production, since it is only by the develop-

ment of production that we can hope to become sufficiently strong to remove gradually the burdens which we were compelled to impose on the community." In conformity with this principle M. Trikoupés has framed a number of proposals for the relief of the agricultural class, which he rightly regards as the mainstay of Greece. He has determined to encourage the production of wine for exportation by exemption from all taxes, and still further to assist the wine-growers by almost repealing the tax on spirits made from the refuse of the wine-press, while allowing the tax on spirits made from cereals to remain, the latter being mainly imported from abroad. The development of the cultivation of currants is of the utmost importance. Almost the whole of the currant trade is with England, and M. Trikoupés lately suggested to the English government a convention for the repeal of the import duty, in return for a repeal on the part of Greece of the land-tax on currants. This would have entailed a sacrifice of four million drachmae of revenue, while the loss to the British exchequer would only be £350,000. The English government have rejected the proposal, but M. Trikoupés has not abandoned his intention of returning to the question. The once down-trodden peasants have to thank M. Trikoupés for the abolition of the *dtme* or tithe in kind; and he now proposes to do away with the equally harassing *octroi* dues levied by the communes on cereals and live stock. Nothing can be more pernicious to the development of commercial intercourse than the existence of customs zones within a country. To recompense the communes M. Trikoupés proposes an additional tax on wheat and cattle imported from abroad, the proceeds of which will be divided among the various municipalities and used for the express purpose of carrying out public works. He further intends to modify and reduce the tax on ploughing beasts, which he imposed with reluctance, and hopes to abolish eventually. The existing land-tax on tobacco for exportation is to be taken off in order to enable Greece to compete with Turkey in the Egyptian market, and to encourage the growers; but the taxation of tobacco consumed at home is to be maintained and even increased. These measures for the encouragement of production no doubt tend towards protection, though not designed with that object; and it is evident that M. Trikoupés thinks the interests of the present proprietors more important than those of the merchants and

small traders of the towns. But Greek imports largely include what may be described as luxuries, and a poor country should forego these for the benefit of its wealth-producing class.

All this is admirable, and the amazing fact that a country which but ten years ago possessed a revenue of thirty-seven millions can now contribute ninety without apparent suffering, is full of encouragement for the future. There are, however, other considerations which must not escape our notice in reviewing the prospects of Greece. The little kingdom was, so to speak, born in debt, for the three protecting powers started it on its career with a loan of 60 millions. Greece was then, as a recent writer says, "a heap of smoking ruins bathed in blood." Apart from her lamentable condition, the narrow limits assigned to her by the powers made it almost impossible that she could exist on her own resources. In 1882, according to the official statement lately published, the national debt amounted to 264 millions, in 1889 to nearly 500 millions, while in 1890 it reaches 603 millions. The ministerialists, however, allow that it reaches a higher figure than this, and M. Trikoupés, in his recent speech on the budget, admitted to 660 millions. M. Delyannés, basing his calculation on the figures of the budget itself, estimates the debt at 760 millions, and this is probably the actual amount. The wide difference between these calculations will astonish impartial critics. Even if we take the official figures, which must be far below the mark, and admit that the military preparations of M. Delyannés increased the debt by 150 millions, we have still 289 millions borrowed during the administration of the present prime minister. Of this sum more than 38 millions have gone to the construction of ironclads; but I must not discuss the question of naval and military expenditure here—lamentable as this expenditure is, I am not one of those who most vigorously condemn it. If Greece had not possessed a force which at least could give some trouble, she would never have obtained an extension of her boundary. She must be ready for emergencies in the future. The reduction of the military estimates by a million was a favorable feature of last year's budget, but they are raised again by about the same amount in the present year, while the naval estimates are increased by half a million, owing to expenses connected with the arrival of the new ironclads. It is reassuring, on the

other hand, to learn that M. Trikoupés hopes by various financial combinations to make an annual saving in the service of the public debt amounting to nine millions. Greece may not yet have reached the limit either of her borrowing power or of her capacity for taxation; but it is evident that a system under which her debt has increased by four, or rather five, hundred millions in seven years cannot be indefinitely prolonged. Though it is some consolation to know that the prime minister is concerned for the interests of the agricultural population, it is sad to see the toil-worn peasants laboring amid hardship and privation to satisfy the claims of foreign creditors. "Les dettes contractées par les Etats de l'Orient," says M. de Laveleye, "amènent à des conséquences qui revoltent l'humanité."

While the taxation of the country is at a point beyond which it cannot go, while the financial condition is such as to require long and careful nursing, it is evident that a serious calamity such as war, a succession of bad seasons, or even the failure of the current harvest, would certainly bring about a catastrophe. For the moment the danger is on the side of Crete, but it may appear at any time on the side of Macedonia or even Epirus. With regard to Crete, the prime minister has taken up a firm and statesmanlike attitude, which no doubt has cost him much popularity at present. War is impossible, peace is a necessity; and he is determined that there shall be no repetition of the fiasco of 1885-6. "Without means," he says, "we can do nothing on behalf of Crete or the Hellenic cause; our first step must be the financial regeneration of the country." The wide scope of M. Trikoupés's views is hardly understood by his countrymen. He is a Panhellenist, and he aspires to direct and control the entire Hellenic world. Athens is its centre and focus; and it is from Athens, and therefore from the Greek government, that it must take the *mot d'ordre*. The Greek of Crete, the Greek of Macedonia, under whatever government he lives, is loyal in heart to the government of Greece,* and the advice of that government is a command. When the time has arrived for combined action on the part of all the members of the Hellenic race, the signal will be given; it is for the Greek government to choose the moment, as it alone is able to decide when the circumstances are favorable. As for the advice of foreign

powers, M. Trikoupés accepts it with all politeness. "We know," he said to me, "that they advise us simply for their own interest, and we act accordingly."

The whole question of Crete must therefore be considered as a mere episode in the development of a great movement, which might be retarded and not furthered by inopportune action on the part of Greece. M. Trikoupés goes so far as to look upon the Cretan difficulty as the outcome of a scheme deliberately formed by Turkey for the destruction of Hellenism, and he is determined not to be led into the trap prepared for him. He holds that Turkey provoked the rising of last autumn with the object of withdrawing the privileges assured to Crete by the Berlin Treaty, and that she would have been delighted to have seen Greece, unaided and alone, take part in the struggle. But the time was inopportune for such a struggle, and the Greek government did all that was possible to prevent further disorders, even going so far as to induce the Cretans not to resist the introduction of a large Turkish force into the island. It is true that M. Trikoupés, when the atrocities were at their height, for once abandoned his attitude of reserve by sending a circular to the powers, threatening Greek interference if they would not take action. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of this course, M. Trikoupés contends that it had the effect of mitigating the horrors for a time. The government is in a position of extreme difficulty. It is daily confronted with the misery of three thousand homeless exiles, and the groans of an afflicted Greek race can almost be heard across the sea but for the shrieks of infuriated patriots at home. The position which the government now takes up is reasonable and intelligible. It asks that a *complete* amnesty should be accorded by the Porte, and that the military tribunals in Crete should be abolished. If these demands were acceded to, it would undertake to induce the refugees to return. It no longer asks for the withdrawal of the firman, although its provisions violate the twenty-third article of the Berlin Treaty. The Porte has replied by a general invitation to the refugees to return, which, however, excludes sixteen names; but martial law still exists, and the exiles, though promised immunity as regards the past, are afraid of being brought before the military tribunals on fresh charges. The Porte is countenanced by Germany in its refusal to go further; and Germany has just succeeded in concluding a commercial

* Speech on Crete, 30th October, 1889.

treaty with Turkey on exceptionally favorable terms. It is the old story of the Eastern question; the weak and struggling must be sacrificed to the interests of the strong.

But the time is short; already the snows are disappearing from the mountains, and in a few weeks Crete will be the scene of another insurrection. The Cretan committee at Athens is receiving subscriptions from Italy, from all parts of Europe, and even from America. It is ominous that great activity prevails at the Russian legation. The Greek government, while carefully abstaining from helping the fugitives, will throw no obstacle in the way of their obtaining arms and provisions. It views the future with alarm, but it will nevertheless wish them Godspeed. They have already cost Greece nearly a million drachmae. Is it not time for the friends of Turkey to suggest to her that, after all, she would be an infinitely stronger power without Crete? Would Greece be able to find money to buy the island? Would she be able to rent it, as we rent Cyprus, and to tax the Cretans as she taxes herself and as we tax the Cypriotes? Would she be able to check the vengeance of the Christians? Perhaps so, for many of their enemies would emigrate; the Mussulmans often prefer emigration to revolt, and those who remain become loyal, as in Bulgaria. The Cretan leaders whom I have met are all for annexation to Greece. They care no longer for reforms or for the revocation of the firman. Some of them are wild mountaineers in their picturesque native costume, whose title to distinction consists in the number of Turkish lives they have taken with their own hand; others are ex-deputies, judges, and professors, men of high intelligence and cultivation, who are now living penniless at Athens, supported by the government.

The final decision was taken the other day. The exiles assembled in the ancient Stadion, and the scene as I looked down from the thyme-grown slope—once so often thronged by the multitude of brilliant Athens—was interesting and impressive. The invitation of the Turkish government was discussed and definitely refused, after two or three leaders had addressed the meeting, one of them speaking with indignation concerning recent declarations in the British House of Commons. Then the whole assembly, with uplifted hands, swore the oath of the War of Independence—*ἐλευθερία ἢ θάνατος*—freedom or death. There was no enthusiasm or excitement, nothing but quiet de-

termination. The crowd broke into little groups, and as they walked away I could see above their heads the rock whence Aegeus watched to see his son returning from his Cretan triumphs, and the monuments of a race that rescued Europe from the dominion of Asia.

It was evening—such an evening as Byron describes in those sumptuous lines of "The Corsair"—and I turned my steps towards the Acropolis. The sun was sinking in a cloudless heaven behind the purple hills of the Morea; Hymettus and Pentelikon were radiant in violet and crimson, and the crest of Parnes, still silvered with the winter snows, looked down through a rose-colored haze upon the dusky olive-groves of Kolonus. A flood of golden light was falling on the columns of the Propylaea and the Parthenon, causing them to glow with a rich mellowness of coloring as though in harmony with the pageant of nature around. The quiet of the sunset hour seemed to accord with the melancholy which haunts these noble monuments of human genius—more lovely in this, the evening of their decline, than in the noontide blaze of their perfection—more lovely, because more speaking and suggestive in the stillness and solitude of their decay. As I turned to depart I paused by the brink of the western cliff, whence the Temple of Wingless Victory looks out across land and sea to the shore of unconquered Salamis. The stones of its ruined fabric have been collected, and joined together with reverent care; its fallen columns have been raised, and though its sculptured frieze is broken and defaced, though its marble walls show many a gap, and it has no roof but the deep blue sky, it stands a type of living beauty amid surrounding desolation. And so it seemed to me that a much-tried race, sundered and shattered in ages of adversity, may yet be compacted into one harmonious structure, which may reflect, if it cannot revive, the splendor of a historic past.

JAMES D. BOURCHIER.

From The National Review.
GREAT AND BIG.
A DIALOGUE.

Time, Summer. Two persons in the prime of life, and of opposite sexes, converse beneath a starlit sky.

He. It's very queer that those are all suns, with planets, and moons, and asteroids, and things.

She. The feeling it always gives me to remember that, is that we are such atoms, and that our affairs matter so very little.

He. My affairs matter a great deal; and so do yours.

She. You and I are only two people out of all the people in the world, and the world is only one planet belonging to one little star out of all the stars there are. We are certainly atoms, unless we are molecules, or whatever you call the smallest sort of things.

He. But we are not the smallest sort of things. We are bigger than microbes. We may have squashed a million in the last minute.

She. Well, microbes matter even less than we do; only it's so little less that it makes no difference.

He. How do you know microbes matter less than we do?

She. There are so many of them.

He. There are so many of us. Perhaps in some other planet there are as many human beings as there are microbes here, and no microbes at all.

She. Then, if there are so many of us, how can any one of us matter?

He. I don't say any of us do, except the few that I know about. I matter. You matter. The prime minister matters. We matter.

She. You (plural) matter. They matter. Your own declension contradicts you.

He. I beg your pardon. I stopped short of the third person plural. They don't matter — to me — and I don't know whether they do or not to any one else.

She. You are full of inconsistency. You began by saying that human beings were of consequence, and now you say most of them are not.

He. It is possible that some human beings may be of consequence and others not. But I didn't say any of them weren't. I said I did not know whether they were or not.

She. Well, I say none of them are, compared to the stars.

He. You are of more importance than a star. Please observe that I am not paying you a shallow compliment, but stating a scientific fact, or, at least, expressing a scientific opinion.

She. There are a million stars, and only one me. They are each of them a million times bigger than I am. Therefore, taken all together, they are of more importance even than I am.

He. I do not think you have sufficiently mastered the difference between greatness and bigness.

She. I do not think it at all likely that I have.

He. It is a not infrequent confusion of ideas. May I preach?

She. If you like. I will interrupt you when you get tiresome.

He. Thank you. A thing, or a number, which is extremely big is not necessarily imposing, or important, or interesting, or, to put it shortly, great. I will explain this by an example. America is big — very big — and full of bignesses. I mean the United States. Most of the Americans think it is great, but they are mistaken. I don't say there is nothing great about it, but its bignesses are not great. There is a man called Carnegie, and he wrote a book, and boasted that if all the cows in America were put standing nose to tail and four abreast, they would go once and a half round the world. There is nothing great in that. A cow is a very interesting beast, and to be the owner of a tame cow is a very remarkable thing. But when you have got one, or at any rate half-a-dozen, it is not much more remarkable to have six million or six thousand million, if you have fields to put them in and people to milk them. It is mere repetition of what you did before.

She. The second million would be dull.

He. And so is the second hundred. Am I to take your observation as a signal that I have become tiresome?

She. You may go on.

He. There was another man, only I disremember his name, who wrote another book — or perhaps it was a woman — who made an observation in the same spirit about Chicago. Chicago is full of corn and pigs.

She. I have heard of it.

He. And it was burnt down. I forget exactly when, but some time in the last twenty years. Well, in this novel — did I say the book was a novel? If not, I should have. In this novel the people lived at Chicago and they watched it being burnt down. And a man said that though it was a nuisance to have their houses burnt, it was consoling to reflect that it was the biggest fire in the world, and that the fire of London was nothing to it. Now that twenty years have passed, the fire of London is as famous as ever, and if you mentioned the fire of Chicago to a casual, well-educated person, he would ask which one you meant, and whether it hadn't been burnt down several times. I once mentioned this passage to a lady, who said, "Yes, it was a very unimportant fire, because there was nothing burnt that couldn't

be put up again directly." Thus we see that the fire of Chicago was bigger than the fire of London, but also much smaller, supposing "small" to be the opposite of great. A big fire is one where there are a great many long and thick flames, covering a quantity of space. A great fire is one which burns something interesting or important. A very little fire might burn, let us say, an Archbishop of Canterbury, or Frith's "Derby Day," but it would be a great fire.

She. It would indeed.

He. A thing may be great partly because it is big, but my point is that bigness alone can never make anything great.

She. I don't disagree—at present—as far as concerns fires on earth, but you know you've got to get to fires in the sky.

He. Your rebuke is just.

She. I wasn't rebuking.

He. The connection with the stars is this. All we really know about them—of course, I assume that everything astronomers say is true—

She. They don't all say the same.

He. No; but I assume that the one who spoke last spoke the truth, and I go on believing what he said until somebody else contradicts him, or, of course, until he contradicts himself.

She. What an elastic form of belief.

He. It is called faith. But, as I was saying, all we really know about the stars is that they are extremely big, an exceedingly long way off, and most of them, apparently, very hot. I gathered from what you said just now that the sight of them conveys to your mind impressions of vastness and awe, and of your own comparative littleness.

She. So it does.

He. That is because you have, if you will allow me to say so, a naturally powerful and sedulously cultivated imagination. You compare your own size, and the distances you are accustomed to have to do with, to the size of the stars and the distances between them. You appear to yourself, by the sudden comparison, infinitesimally small, and then you are awed. That's all right until you get to being awed, but at that point you make an arbitrary assumption. You observe that green star?

She. Yes.

He. We could find out its name if we looked in a book, but for the present it does not matter. Let us suppose it is a hundred billion miles off. I don't believe it is, but that doesn't matter either. Now, just consider what that means. If you

had to go to it, straight from here, and supposing that you could go to it, and that other stars or moons or things wouldn't get in the way, as soon as you got out of our atmosphere (and, indeed, before) each mile that you went would be very like the other. While we are supposing you to be able to go, we may as well suppose you to be able to go with extreme rapidity. Suppose you went a billion miles a day, it would take you a hundred days, which is about three months and a week. That would be going very fast, because a billion miles a day is more than forty thousand million miles an hour, and that's—how much?—more than six hundred million miles a minute. So it's six hundred million times as quick as a train. At that extravagant pace, you would not get to the green star for more than three months. And all that way each hundred miles would look practically just the same as the hundred miles on either side of it. That's not awfulness. It's merely wearisome repetition. It's as bad as the two million cows.

She. Worse.

He. I doubt if there would be much to choose. When you got to the green star, you would very likely find it was made of much the same stuff as the sun, and had a lot of planets, with moons, and rings, and what not, going round and round it just as ours do here, and all made out of it to begin with. Then you would be entitled to expect that, saving individual differences of character, the behavior of that solar system would considerably resemble the behavior of this solar system.

She. Then why is it green?

He. I am afraid I made a bad choice. I only chose the green one as an example because it was easy to point out. Though, by the way, the sun may be a green star for anything I know, when it is looked at from a hundred billion miles off. But that's a detail. Taken in the lump, all the stars look very much alike. Judging from their photographs and their *spectra*, and the information generally which astronomers give to the world, the odds seem to be that they are all made of substantially the same stuff, that they all behave in the same way, and, in fact, are very much alike. Do you know how many stars we can see?

She. No. Thousands. Half a million. I don't know.

He. No more do I. But I think the number that people can see without telescopes is three thousand. Whether that's only for one side of the world or both, I

don't know. Also, it may be thirty thousand; but that doesn't affect the argument. The point is that there are a great many more that we can't see—hundreds of thousands, or something like that, but anyhow, ever so many distinct and separate stars.

She. How do you know?

He. I don't know; I believe. Because astronomers say so. The last one I read about said there might very likely be millions. I hope there are, or billions, or thousands of billions. Let me remind you that a thousand billions is a fantastically large number. The more there are the more it adds to the force of my next remark, which is, What is one among so many?

She. But that's what I said to begin with. You're forgetting which side you're on.

He. I beg your pardon, I am not. You said the three thousand stars you could see filled you with awe, and made you think you were only an atom. I say each of the three thousand stars is just as much an atom as you, and that all the three thousand together are very likely just as much an atom as you, and that in the eye of wisdom you and your affairs are as important as the stars intrinsically, and more important to you and me. I don't mean to say that the stars are not interesting; far from it. Nobody that thinks about them all put about in space, and soberly burning, and twirling, and moving, however they do move, can fail to be impressed. But they would be every bit as impressive, really and truly, if there were only twenty-four of them, and if they were so small that the whole universe of them could go into my hat. The wonderful thing is that they are there, and that they behave as they do. Suppose you were called upon to make a little universe, with stars and planets, and some comets going to and fro, and suppose you were not required to go into the details of whether there was anything alive flourishing about on them, but had a plentiful stock of incandescent materials to make your stars of. You could no more do it than you could make a fish. But there are all these stars worked out into all the minutest details, down to microbes, and we don't know how much smaller. Now the existence of anything, and of everything, is as inexplicable, and as mysterious, and wonderful, and impressive as you please, but it would all be just as much so if the scale it is on were ever so much bigger or ever so much smaller. Will you admit

that you are more important than a sheet of paper on fire?

She. I don't like admitting anything, but, as you have so much faith, you may assume it if you like.

He. Thank you. I do like. Besides, you know quite well that you are more important practically, and practically is all I care about. If you take a good-sized sheet of paper, as big as a newspaper, and hold it up edge-ways, and set fire to the bottom of it, in a second or two you will see the flames burst out all over it, and flare up about twice as high as the paper. That is a wonderful sight, if you consider it attentively, and it is extraordinary how quick the whole thing catches fire after it is once fairly lighted, and how much fire it makes, and how hot the fire it makes is. Now that is just as important, curious, and interesting as a sun.

She. No, it isn't. The sun has planets.

He. That is a detail. You can call the little cinders that float away from the piece of paper planets, if you like. If the piece of paper were a billion billion times as big as it is, it would be as big as a star. If you were a billion billion times as small as you are, it would be as big as a star is now. Therefore it is as important as a star. But you are—as we agreed that I should assume—more important than it. Therefore you are more important than a star.

She. But the stars go on longer than I do. At least, you know, your astronomers say so.

He. That's the same thing over again. A preposterously long time is just as uninteresting a thing in itself—and apart from what happens in it—as a preposterously big number, or a preposterously long distance. All the stars are nothing in the world but very big lumps of stuff—call it earth—a very long way off, going on a very long time. There may be interesting things in them. I don't know; and therefore the things, if there are any, don't interest me. And the stars themselves are not interesting. But you are interesting, because you're here.

She. And if I weren't here—

He. If you weren't here, and had never been here, and weren't going to be here, or anywhere where I was, and I had never heard of your existence, I'm really afraid that you wouldn't interest me; at least not more than a star.

She. In fact, to put it shortly, I'm not interesting in myself?

He. If that's a fair deduction from my sermon I take it all back, every word.

But wait. It isn't a fair deduction. You are interesting in yourself to yourself, but you couldn't interest anybody else if there was nobody else for you to interest.

She. That's not a satisfactory answer. Am I entitled to consider myself interesting in myself, or am I not? Because if not, I'm as uninteresting as the stars.

He. I don't know any metaphysics. But you are entitled to consider yourself anything you please, and I consider you interesting.

She. I think it is getting rather cold, and there is a cloud between us and the Uninteresting. Suppose we go in?

T. O. BROWN.

From Murray's Magazine.
COURT FUNCTIONS.

BY A DEBUTANTE.

THE pleasures of "coming out" are not exactly unalloyed. Much as the girls must look forward to the moment of their *début* into society, they must, more or less, dread the ordeal—at least, I did. The part that seemed to me most trying was my presentation to royalty. I had heard something of court formalities, of the rigid etiquette maintained, of the crowds of smart people, of the still smarter, and more august personages the centre of all. My father, I remembered, had once dined at Osborne, in a special costume which I never saw him wear, but which, from his description, must have been rather like an acrobat's or a male dancer's. He told me how they all waited for the queen in two rows, gentlemen on one side, ladies opposite, just as if they were going to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. The highest in rank were furthest from the door through which the queen was to make her entrance. When her Majesty appeared she passed through the open ranks straight in to dinner, then the guests turned and followed her two and two to their places in the hall. During dinner there was no conversation except in whispers, unless the queen especially addressed some one, and afterwards everybody stood up in the drawing room, while the queen came round and talked to each in turn. All this made me feel that going to court was a serious undertaking. However, every girl did it; it was sure to be a wonderful sight; I should have my father and mother to take care of me, and of course I could not come out properly till I had kissed the queen's hand. So I tried to forget the possible difficulties of

the great event, and concentrated myself upon the minor but more present anxieties. There was first the date to be fixed, but this my parents settled for me, choosing one of the later drawing-rooms, so as to give us a better chance of fine weather. I had already seen poor victims of loyal devotion sitting shivering in their carriages, wearing low dresses, and only feathers in their hair, while the weather was glacial, wind in the east, and a hard frost on the ground, so I was glad my time was to be May. It was some way ahead too, and gave me more leisure to practise my curtsy—a not a very difficult matter, after all, when you know how to do it, although I believe there are professors of deportment who teach people. Next came the very interesting process of choosing a court train. This, as a *débutante*, was of course restricted to white, but they gave me a charming dress: a white satin mouseline de soie petticoat, with a white satin train bordered with a wreath of marguerites. I was present too when my mother made her selection, and got a number of valuable hints for the future, should it ever be my lot to present a daughter of my own. I found that as a general principle it is better not to choose red velvet and gold brocade, a tone and a decoration likely to clash with those of the furniture and corridors of the palace. In the last room and passage the carpet is red, so of course a train of that color would not show up well. Blue, again, should be avoided, as it has too cold an appearance in daylight. Everybody ought to be very careful not to have gold ferns in their bouquets, as the ferns are apt to shed their gilding on neighboring toilettes.

At last the great day arrived, and my nervous forebodings, which had been steadily increasing, culminated in real terror. Should I get through all right; what might I do, or far worse, leave undone? Yet everything went off to perfection. Fortunately we had the *entrée*, the privilege of entering by the private door in the Buckingham Palace Road. This gave me three hours' law. People not so happily favored must begin their toilettes about seven in the morning; but my hairdresser did not arrive till 10 A.M. He was from Truefitt's, not the man I had asked for, of course, and I felt positively certain would not do my hair to my satisfaction. I began almost to regret that I had not been provided with a court coiffure of the kind so obligingly offered by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Stores. It certainly is a very convenient arrangement, though noth-

ing more nor less than a wig, but with it one can dispense with the hairdresser altogether. Yet my hair was done somehow, and I think nicely. More, I found my train perfectly delightful. The bouquet was unpacked, marguerites, to match the train, and all that remained was to fortify myself with a good strong cup of beef tea before starting. Off we drove at half past one, straight for the palace, approaching it by the Pimlico entrance, and passing all the other carriages by the way. How sincerely we congratulated ourselves on thus having the *entrée*, and avoiding the long delay—three hours or more—in the streets! Arrived, we were shown to a room, where obliging Abigails, attired in black, with white caps and aprons, relieved us of our cloaks and etceteras, after which, in unveiled splendor, we took our way along corridors and passages, from the walls of which departed sovereigns gazed down on us with benign countenances, full, let us hope, of admiration and approval. We found—delightful attention on the part of the palace authorities—most of the doorways lined with looking-glass, a charming arrangement, calculated to enable people to see and admire themselves continually, and at the same time rest assured that nothing was amiss with their toilettes or trains. All the way there were vistas peopled with graceful figures, lovely ladies in feathers and finery, gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, until we reached a staircase, where the privileged few separate from their less fortunate neighbors, and betake themselves to a room reserved for those who have the *entrée*. Here, having gone through the formality of writing your name upon a card, you find that you have ample space to walk about, train and all, and thoroughly enjoy yourself; a pleasure heightened by the misfortunes of others, for there, in the room adjoining, are the poor wretches we have just left, crowded together like sheep in pen, fast crushing out the freshness of their beautiful new frocks, and, of course, regarding us with envious eyes. This room in which we are is the last but one before the throne. Presently celebrities begin to arrive by twos and threes, ambassadors, Cabinet ministers, great functionaries, all in uniform or court dress; there is a move onwards, the crowd, which has gathered quickly, begins to thin, as one after another passes through the mysterious doorway, the last that leads in to the presence, and they are gone “to return, ah! never more.” Now, with a sinking heart, and feelings of dismay, I realized

that my time was all but come. I take my place in the line and presently find myself at the door. So far, I had been carrying my brand-new train over my arm, but now it was taken possession of by two gentlemen of the court, who spread it out carefully behind me, I suppose to give it its full and proper effect. I must say they manipulated it—I suppose from long practice—with most marvellous neatness and dexterity. Then I passed out into the strong light of the corridor. The contrast was extreme between it and the darkened, mysterious, almost gloomy throne-room beyond, which I was now slowly and nervously approaching. At the very threshold I handed my card to some great functionary, and heard my name announced loudly as I continued to advance slowly, following the gliding *frou-frou* of the train in front of me, my mother's. All the rest passed like a dream; I was in a state of suspended animation; I had a vision of some one waiting to receive me, of a curtsy dropped automatically, perhaps awkwardly, of another, another, and yet another, and at last, after an unknown interval of time, consciousness returned, my train had again been thrown over my arm by some officious, or rather official, friend, and with a sigh of relief that all was ended, I emerged into the light of day. I had no recollection hardly of what had occurred. I had seen nothing, realized nothing, I had but the vaguest and most indistinct impression of what I had done. But at least, well done or ill done, it was over, and now we were in another long corridor, across the end of which fresh victims were still streaming. My trouble was ended, theirs was still to come, and it was with a virtuous sense of duty performed that I utilized the ample space and abundant leisure now afforded me in critically examining other people. Not the least part of the pleasure was to note the change in countenance before and after the ceremony; it was sometimes difficult to recognize in the beaming faces of those who issued from the presence chamber the melancholy ones that but a short time previous were sadly approaching it. This is an amusement which can fully occupy a *débutante* new to the whole affair, almost till every one has passed. But it must end, and at length, when nearly all had passed, we left the saloon, making our way down to the Pimlico entrance, to wait patiently among a crowd of awful swells, while servants in royal livery helped us to get our carriage. At last it was called, and we drove home. Another, quite the

last, act in the performance, had still to be played; I became the central figure of an admiring group of friends who were awaiting our return, eager to inspect me and to hear my experiences. With a cup of five o'clock tea and a visit perhaps from the photographer, I descended to the level of every-day life, having enjoyed my first visit to court far better than I expected.

My second visit was less monotonous because less novel, but it made an equal, perhaps a greater, impression upon me. No presentation at court can be considered quite complete until it is followed by an invitation to a State ball. I fancy, however, there is a good deal of heart-burning and disappointment, and the hope long deferred that maketh the heart sick, before the much-coveted honor is vouchsafed to the *débutante*. It is not strange that in these days, when the number of presentations has multiplied exceedingly, many people have long to wait for, and that some never receive, the lord chamberlain's summons. But we got her Majesty's commands in due course, and I was permitted to attend a court ball. It is not a ball, however, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather a grand State reception where there is none of the formalities of presentation, but at which the royal personages who are the hosts have every opportunity of greeting those whom they recognize (and the royal faculty of recognition is proverbial) in a simple and cordial manner. The company, which is far too numerous even for the magnificent ball-room of Buckingham Palace, overflows into suites of stately apartments, and as there is no such solitude as in a crowd, there is ample facility for a *solitude à deux*, which I think is not unfrequently taken advantage of. Dancing as at an ordinary ball is hardly attempted, except within the charmed inner circle, where "the sweetest lady in the land" treads a measure with some highly favored man, and the prince makes some *débutante* happy by becoming her partner in waltz or quadrille. I think English society at large might profit by the example set by the court circle in dancing. The exaggerated or slovenly movements which many gentlemen, and, alas! ladies, nowadays call dancing, are not to be seen in the palace, but there grace and dignity receive due attention.

The ball-room now lighted by the electric light and nearly perfect as to temperature, offers a most striking *coup d'œil*. To one like myself, unaccustomed to balls of any kind, and but little familiar with

grande tenue whether male or female, the effect is almost dazzling. Of course, the costumes of my own sex were a source of constant delight; never before had I seen such marvellous combinations of color and material, the most costly brocades, silks and satins, priceless lace, the rarest jewels, diamonds especially, were lavishly employed. But for once the men were more gorgeous than the women. Within the royal precincts and in the presence of royalty itself, the sex that is usually unadorned wears the finest feathers. The monotonous black coat is replaced by uniform in every hue and shape. A high heel treads upon your toe, and a guttural apology is at once offered by a German dragoon in white and silver. A most amiable and well-known gentleman, who had often been pointed out to me, has emerged from his chrysalis stage, and is now a gorgeous Greek. A lady's dress catches on some passing point, which proves to be the jewelled hilt of an Oriental noble's weapon; here is a Hungarian hussar, there a French *chasseur d'Afrique*, here an Italian Bersagliere officer, there a Scotch archer, while English naval and military uniforms with their richly embroidered lace and solid gold ornament partly explain why large private means are necessary to maintain a respectable exterior in both the services. But what struck me more than anything was to see a great guardsman walking about everywhere wearing his bearskin hat. I was told he was the officer of the guard, and I must say I pitied him. Of course he could not dance, and everybody noticed him.

Etiquette is the very life and health of a court. It is observed even in the arrangements of seats. On each side of the small, low dais, intended exclusively for royalty, are rows of chairs which, I was told, were definitely and clearly assigned, not by law, but by absolute although unwritten custom, to the different orders in the social scale who accept the queen's invitation. No one but those prescribed might occupy them. Thus on one side are duchesses and marchionesses; on the other, ambassadors and ladies of the corps diplomatique. It was my good fortune to witness a very pretty and graceful little ceremony in connection with these distinctions, when a young and beautiful bride arrived, who, within the last few months, had become a duchess. This was her first appearance as such at a court ball and she was making her way diffidently towards the position to which her newly acquired rank entitled her, when the whole

of the duchesses present rose simultaneously to greet their sister peeress and receive her into their circle.

What makes the court ball so well worth seeing is the fact that almost everybody in the room has some well-grounded claim to distinction. My own, I will admit, was but reflected lustre, and I entered paradise under the wing of others, like the rest of the *débutantes*. But these others represented all that is most notable and prominent in London. Social rank of all the higher grades was fully represented, wealth where it was associated with meritorious money-getting, distinguished service to the State and high professional repute. Nothing proved this better than the brilliant display of decorations, the constellations of stars, crosses, and medals, all attesting the presence of every degree of merit, and every form of celebrity. Little less distinguished but from extreme contrast was the plain, almost homely, black dress-suit of the American minister, who, of course, wore no decorations whatever. He was the only man there thus simply attired, the type of a great republic which acknowledges no kind of distinction but that of personal merit, and perhaps, so my father says, thinks more of such baubles than the most aristocratic nation in the world.

The great sight of the evening was when the royal procession was formed to move in to the supper-room. First, the way was cleared for the princess by court officials with white wands of office, who glanced nervously over their shoulders as they moved backwards. Her Royal Highness, as she leads the way, in all graciousness, distributing smiles and friendly bows right and left, and being imitated with more or less success by the "thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers," who accompany and follow her. A miscellaneous crowd of dukes, duchesses, and smaller fry, who are privileged to refresh themselves in royal company, bring up the rear and form the first contingent to fill the supper tables. But there is ample room and entertainment for all, and surely no more regal banquet could well be seen than that which is so admirably prepared by the master of the household; while its material attractions are, if possible enhanced and set off by the unique buffet of gold plate which looms in the background. I was only too pleased to take my turn in the great supper-room, but I met older campaigners who told me that it is more prudent to evade the great crowd by taking advantage of the smaller tables spread

in other rooms. I was advised too, by one learned in such things, to try the hock cup, which, it seems, is a specialty of palace hospitality. I have heard it said that foreign courts outshine the British in splendor and magnificence. In Spain, Austria, or Russia, the ceremonial is very gorgeous, the surroundings of the sovereign most striking, but I am sure these courts are not better than ours. Certainly no Continental potentates can bid their friends and subjects to any gathering which more fully embraces the solid qualities of a *fête* given to ladies and gentlemen than a royal ball in England.

My first London season included yet another entertainment, a garden party at Marlborough House, less grand and imposing, perhaps, than either drawing-room or ball, but, with its perfect simplicity, to my mind quite as stately and quite as pleasant. Some years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales gave their garden parties at Chiswick, and certainly no sweeter spot could be found near London for a *fête champêtre* than those sunny lawns, shaded by ancestral trees. But the Marlborough House gardens are now used for these out-of-door receptions, and since the extension of London has robbed a suburban drive of all pleasure, and London streets, crowded and dusty, extend all the way to Chiswick, it is more convenient and more agreeable to both entertainers and entertained to visit their Royal Highnesses in the grounds of their own London home.

We drove to the Pall Mall gate of Marlborough House, and entered by the wicket door, the same as that at which so many carriagefuls of smart people may be seen on every day during the London season, who have come to write their names in the visiting-book which the scarlet-clad porter has under his charge. As we got out of the carriage we had to run the gauntlet of rather an unwashed crowd, who expressed their opinion about our personal appearance in very complimentary, but not very polished terms. I had been particularly cautioned to be sure to curtsy to the prince and princess, whom we might expect to find near the entrance to the garden. So after passing through the courtyard, I was prepared to see a formal group to whom I should have to make my reverence. We entered the garden, and I was standing about looking for the royalties, when I saw my father's hat off, and his dear old bald head glistening in the sunshine, while a charming and young-looking lady was shaking hands with him in the simplest and most friendly manner.

Heavens! it was the princess. I believe my mother was nearly as much taken aback as I was, although she would not acknowledge it. I was a little behind her, so I had the advantage and time to think what I should do. I was now quite on the *qui vive*, and was not at all astonished when I recognized the prince in the smiling gentleman who was taking off his hat to me. It was all so nice and natural that I felt at home at once, and by the time I had made a bow to each of the young princesses, and to the commander-in-chief, and received the kindest of smiles and bows from all, I felt as if I had known the queen's children and grandchildren all my life.

We mixed with the rest of the crowd, and I had leisure to take in the scene. The gardens were so lovely in their cool and quiet freshness that it was almost impossible to realize that one was in the heart of London. A Life Guards' band was playing my favorite waltz at one end, and the Scots Guards' band were ready for duty when the first were tired. The pipers of the Guards made a brave show, at times marching up and down, although I am not quite sure that I quite appreciated the wild and rather discordant pibrochs which they performed.

A tent was pitched on a central lawn, with chairs and carpets spread in front of it. This was for the queen, I was told, who was expected in the course of the afternoon. But I had plenty to do to look at the company. It was said that more than four thousand invitations had been issued, and I could quite believe it when I saw the crowd around. It goes without saying that few people that were asked did not come, and there are numbers of persons among the many personal friends of the prince and princess who are prevented by their professions from attending balls, but who are delighted to present themselves at a quieter entertainment. The clergy of all ranks and persuasions muster in great force at a garden party. The Church of England is represented by all its hierarchy: there are archbishops, bishops, canons, deans, and the rest; a stately archimandrite of the Greek Church is remarkable in his imposing robes; I think I saw one or two Presbyterian ministers, and there was no mistaking the best-known Roman Catholic cardinal. Then the *dayen* of English actors could not be overlooked, and I fancied he must have found a royal party in the nineteenth century a more pleasant function than a banquet in the halls of the Thane of Caw-

dor. Cabinet ministers—past, present, and to come—soldiers, sailors, explorers, doctors, lawyers, litterateurs, the president of the Royal Academy and those of the learned societies, with probably every notability to be found in the pages of Burke—all these were present and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Here, however, it was the reverse of what I had noticed at the State ball. My own sex, I am proud to say, had vindicated its right to be the most smartly dressed. The ladies generally had the best of it as compared to their male companions; in this great gathering of folk of light and leading, great intellect, high rank, or distinguished achievements are not necessarily associated with attractive appearance, and now a *soignée* toilette made the lady more of a personage than her lord.

Hark! "God save the Queen," is being played. The queen is arriving, and every one rushes to the foot of the steps which lead from the drawing-room and down which her Majesty must pass. The queen appears dressed in black, relieved here and there by white ribbons and ornaments. She leans slightly on a stick, but looks benignant, bright, and happy, as befits a great monarch surrounded by a loving family and a crowd of loyal subjects. It is touching to see the affectionate glances that pass between the royal family of England, showing that really tender and dutiful attentions of sons and daughters to a mother are blended with the reverence to the sovereign. A lane is formed by the company, and the queen walks to the tent that is prepared for her. Two magnificent-looking old Indian warrior attendants place themselves behind her chair, and mark that she is not only queen of England but empress of a mighty military realm in the far East. All the most distinguished people are brought up to the queen for presentation, but as our party was not to be so specially honored we betook ourselves to strolling about and trying to identify every one we saw, in which exercise I found my best guide was an acquaintance with the pages of *Punch*.

Five o'clock tea is now an indispensable English meal, and we enjoyed it in the long open tent which is arranged for refreshments near the house. Such good tea! such delicious *petits pains*! and oh, such delicious strawberries and cream! I might say, oh, what delicious champagne! if I might judge from my father's sigh of contentment when he put down an empty glass.

It is six o'clock. The queen goes as she came. Soon there is a general exodus, and we make our way to the outer world, where every one is not *tiré à quatre épingles*, and where the jars of life are not modified by the care and forethought which are the characteristics of a princely English home.

From The Spectator.

NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

I.

JERUSALEM.

It appears to be the custom to say that Jerusalem is disappointing. As my own experience leads me to a directly contrary conclusion, I must assume that this is due to the fact that the first aspect of the city is not so impressive as one would expect, or perhaps wish it to be. Wherein appears a fresh instance of the good fortune which continually befriended me. It happened that, having spent the previous night on the benches of the saloon of a Russian steamer, our minds full of unnecessary apprehensions concerning the difficulties of landing at Jaffa—difficulties which appeared to us to be much exaggerated by report—we had only felt equal to going as far as Ramleh on the first afternoon, starting for Jerusalem the next morning. Our journey was, consequently, not a very formidable one; but still, many hours' jolting in a cramped position over what, being as yet ignorant of Palestine, we considered an indifferent road, will produce fatigue, and may account for the otherwise disgraceful fact that on arriving in sight of Jerusalem, I was asleep. Being abruptly roused from slumber by well-meaning friends, I had not composed my feelings into a fitting frame of mind to look at any view till I found myself standing on the terrace of the Mediterranean Hotel, with all Jerusalem before me. I should recommend other travellers to adopt something of the same plan; the preliminaries need not be exactly similar.

The view that I speak of embraced almost all that is of real interest in Jerusalem. Almost at our feet lay the pool of Hezekiah, a rather turbid-looking piece of water, built in on all sides, the houses running sheer down into the water without any kind of path or bank between. Beyond this came the most conspicuous object, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,

with its two domes and the old square, roofless tower of the belfry, backed by low, green hills, one of them being Mount Scopus, from which Titus looked down of old on the beautiful city which he was to destroy. Farther away to the right comes the great open space of the Haram-esh-Sherif, the site of Solomon's Temple, with the mosques of Omar and El Aksa. The Mahomedan feast of Moses is held at the same time as the Christian Easter, and the broad expanse of green sward which occupies the place of the court of the Gentiles, is dotted with picturesque figures of pious Moslems who spend their whole existence for the time within the precincts of the mosque. As a background for the Mosque of Omar, we have the Mount of Olives, somewhat spoiled by the hideous steeple erected on the top by a pious Russian lady. The rest of the view is chiefly made up of an infinity of tiny domes which are merely the roofs of ordinary houses, interspersed with a few minarets—very few for a city of the size of Jerusalem—some larger domes of churches and synagogues, and in one or two places a little foliage. The moderate extent of the city contributes to give it an air of greater completeness and uniformity. Beyond the limits of the last wall, modern improvement has done its ugliest to spoil the landscape; but within there is fortunately little room for new buildings, and the long line of domes and terraces stretches away unbroken except by the small, dark clefts that mark here and there the intervention of one of the narrow, winding streets. The mouth of one of the most frequented lies just below us, where the street of David debouches on the open place in front of the citadel; it is, like most Eastern streets, a seething mass of humanity, their garments in every conceivable variety of shape and color,—sober, Christian Syrians in a kind of semi-European attire, with their lower extremities encased in a curious, baggy garment, half pantaloons, half petticoat; Jews with shaven heads, all but the two long ringlets in front, and battered soft black hats—except in this respect, they are often magnificently dressed—wild-looking Bedouins in their striped burnouses, from the further shores of the Dead Sea or the desert of the south; and here and there, to increase the variety of the picture, some large-limbed Russian peasant-pilgrim in the same long caftan, fur cap, and high boots that he wears at home, shouldering his way through the crowd to make some purchase for his scanty evening meal.

We had little to find fault with in our first sight of Jerusalem.

Yet there are undoubtedly disappointments awaiting us. The chief interest naturally centres in the places of the crucifixion and burial of our Lord; these are the objects most prominent in the mind of every traveller, even if he avow no motive for his journey but sheer curiosity. Most of us will follow with reverent hearts the long line of the Via Dolorosa all the way from the supposed judgment-hall of Pilate to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We are in no mood for carping at the harmless traditions that have grown up around the great theme of sacred story; we find little difficulty in believing that it was at that corner at the bottom of the valley, that the soldiers caught sight of Simon of Cyrene "coming out of the country," and forced him to help in carrying the cross. It may well have been that some pious woman came out at the very spot where the house of St. Veronica is pointed out to us, to soothe and soften the sufferings of our Lord as he dragged his way up that weary ascent; nor do we smile at the innocent absurdity which fixes a site even for the houses of Dives and Lazarus. But when we arrive at last at the very spot where the great tragedy was enacted, we begin to lose the feeling of reality that has brought us through all the preceding scenes. It is hard for a man to stand in that great church, or rather amalgamation of churches, with all its garish decorations, surrounded by all the appurtenances of religious pageantry, Greek or Roman, and say to himself: "This is the hill where our Saviour was brought out to die; here actually stood the cross on which he was bound, and there the sepulchre where his body was laid and from which he rose again." We cannot help a distinct revulsion of feeling, an idea that this is not what we have come out to see. The thought of tracing the course of that last procession is given up, as we find each sacred spot encumbered with all the paraphernalia of devotion distracting the eye and entirely obliterating all sense of locality. It is true that every detail of the place may be pointed out to us. Here, we are told, he was mocked, here he was scourged, here the soldiers cast lots for his garment; but hurrying round from one dark chapel to another only increases our confusion. We cannot help wishing that the devotion of ages had shown itself in some less practical way than that of building churches over the holy places, and decorating them to an

unlimited extent when erected. Of course this is a most improper view of the case. It was the most natural and fitting way to testify reverence for these holy places; it has, no doubt, done good service in marking the spots and keeping them from pollution; above all, it is a great boon to the thousands of pilgrims who come here with less artificial ideas on the subject, — witness the kind of wondering, awed delight with which that little band of Russian peasants comes upon one after another of these relics of the day of salvation. But to me it is now almost a comfort that recent discoveries have made it possible that the sites of the crucifixion and burial were not here at all. A few days ago, the suggestion seemed to me almost impious, but now I feel an unreasonable conviction of its correctness. I had rather have the faith of the Russians, but as a *pis aller* I can take refuge with the Palestine Exploration Society.

Let us go, then, to what our dragoman describes as Conder's Golgotha. It is a round, green hill just outside the Damascus Gate, chiefly remarkable till recent days for the grotto on its southern side, where, according to tradition, Jeremiah wrote the Lamentations. On the summit, a number of Mahommedan tombs are scattered about, but otherwise the hill is left quite free; indeed, I believe it has now been bought by a well-known German resident in Jerusalem, for the express purpose of preventing any building upon it. I have no space here to enter into the various reasons why this hill should or should not be the actual Calvary, rather than the more generally accepted site. Certainly it is outside the walls, as Calvary was — of that we have ocular demonstration from the great rock foundations which have been laid bare here and there under the present walls — and it is not yet certain that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was outside. Also, by going a little way down the road between the walls and the hill, we have ocular demonstration of its striking resemblance to a skull. I am tempted to decide in its favor chiefly by sentimental reasons. If it be the right spot, it has not changed its appearance, except for the tombs upon it, since the three crosses were planted on its summit. Few people come there; I have seen no one but a few Mahommedan women, going through some ceremonies of mourning at the tombs in a very casual, not to say jovial manner, and once a little group of children, to whom an old man was reciting the story of Joseph being sold by his

brethren and carried away into Egypt. It is easier, at least, to dream in that quiet spot, to reconstruct in one's own mind all the details of that terrible day, than it is in the great church, with its profusion of shrines and altars, of monster candles and bad pictures, and extravagant if not tawdry ornament.

From Time.

KAFFIR HUMOR.

THE Kaffirs of south-east Africa, as well as the Zulus, have a rare fund of humor, though the latter race combine with it a dignity, style, and expressive grace of action which I fail to find among the others, although they have marvellous powers of pantomimic description. I brought a "boy" by steamer along the east coast. It was his first experience of life on board a ship. Some time after, in my hut at Chiloane, I found him with a group of wide-eyed Kaffirs squatting around him, reproducing every detail of the working of the boat, with extraordinary expression of voice and action, while his running comments now and then, given in a rapid undertone, must have been of a more humorous character than I could gather, as the hearers laughed consumedly at them. The casting of the lead, with the very tone of voice of the quartermaster, who generally performed that function as we made a bar or ran a treacherous sandbank, was wonderfully true. So were the commands from the bridge, in which I could discern the tones of the captain and several of the officers, though the tones only, of course, accompanied the articulation of a number of gutturals. The beat of the engines was expressed by a wonderful barking noise deep down in his great chest, and sounded like the beating of a deep bass, metallic surface. The wind, the rush of the water, the boatswain's whistle, and other of the many noises on board ship were all given with excellent mimetic observation, and the sounds were always accompanied by actions of the limbs, head, and body, that seemed almost superhuman. I was sorry to find that this power on the part of "Charlie" was transitory, for though I induced him to repeat his description upon another occasion, he had forgotten much, and went in for "embellishments" not quite so true to nature as I had led my friends to expect. I may mention here that there is some danger in encouraging these imitative exhibitions unless they are

given spontaneously. Your Kaffir is as cunning as other races of a humorous turn, and may require some little stimulus in the shape of spirits. If supplied with this, there is every chance of the demonstrator becoming excited, and in that case he is likely to "see nothing but blood," his dearly beloved fighting-sticks become his one absorbing thought, and he may "run-a-muck" of some of his companions or of yourself, in which case unpleasantly severe remedies are required.

The Kaffir, in the zoological studies which are traditional with him, is full of excellent humor, and generally preference is given in his illustration to beasts and birds that lend themselves to comic treatment. The imitative faculty is not always of the "proper" order. Indeed, I feel certain that these pantomimic interludes, as well as the dances indulged in by these shrewd, if unsophisticated, children of nature, would meet with immediate opposition by certain members of the county council if offered for representation on the boards of the London music halls. The Kaffir lives for love and fighting. They are the Alpha and Omega of his existence. Life is full of joy and excitement; death has for him no fear or terror. The piccaninee hears the song of love across its mother's shoulder as she croons her impromptu ditties with her companions working at the mealie tubs. When he can toddle, the boy is to be found with his infantile comrades on the sand-heaps or in holes, with tiny assagaies practising the art of war. The dance under the vivid moon shows him and his sisters in nought but amatory evolutions. Round the dark night fire the songs are chants of adulation to the native representatives of Mars and Venus, and encouragement towards the emulation of their deeds. Joy and humor, with fine flashes of poetry, abound in these gatherings, though the songs are, for the most part, impromptu sung to the traditional and somewhat limited fund of music.

Passing from this cursory glance at the more musical and actional phase of the natural humor of the Kaffir, it would be well to touch lightly—though the subject is one worthy of much study—upon the more intellectual forms that it may be found to assume. I had some instances of imitation of form by rude sketching that were extremely interesting. In several of the hideous "slave huts" which it was our lot to occupy during our sojourn in Portuguese territory, I made a few *fresco* drawings on the bare white walls with colored chalks and charcoal. This

gave great satisfaction to "the boys," and it was no uncommon thing to return to the hut and find a group of visitors "clicking," jabbering, giggling, and generally criticising my efforts. I was not a little gratified as well as amused to find my gallery supplemented on the outer walls by many sketches in infinite variety of designs by the Kaffirs, mostly of a spirited and comic nature. I made records of some of them for future use, but I grieve to say many were not fit for publication. Strict morality even in art is not a strong point with my friend the Kaffir. Their languages are very various, and even in one tribe there will be found two or more languages. Frequently the female has a language quite distinct from that of the male, not in dialect merely but in expression and forms of sentiment. With both sexes I believe the faculty for punning and *double entendre* is transcendent, soaring, on occasion, to the dignified region of genuine wit. The constant theme and general topic of conversation is, like their musical efforts, that of love, and many of their dialogues would, if translated, require as much editing and expurgation as a Gorton-girl edition of the dramatists of the Restoration. A Kaffir wag is in his element when, leisurely leaning on his staff, he has the opportunity (he can always find the time) of "chaffing," a group of damsels at a well or round a hut door. This he will do perhaps at the distance of a hundred yards or more, the low laughing "Chillä (click) illoë" of the fair ones tell-

ing of the brilliancy of his *mots* and the gratification his sallies have given. After that the deluge of retort given all at once by the group at the top of their voices. The Kaffir is somewhat grandiloquent. To give one instance: I was lying in a hut with the guide and interpreter of our party. We were to sail on the morrow and were talking over plans, when enter the mate of the whale-boat. This was, being translated, his mode of telling us to be ready in good time. He looked long, steadily, and silently at my friend, then pointing to a "square face" bottle of Hollands gin, he said with an air of impressive solemnity: "If you sleep with *that* wife to-night you will not wake until the sun is high in the heavens, while I must sail at daylight!" and disappeared into the night. In conclusion, let me bear testimony to the Kaffirs' wonderful keenness of perception in summing up the weak or strong points of those they meet. The quick-tongued criticism that is given is generally so unerring, so terse, and so true that it often affixes to its subject a nickname which will last him for the rest of his existence. It is by no means the most composing thing in the world to find yourself sitting in the presence of a couple of dusky visitors who are talking in a calm and solemn manner until a loud shout of laughter from some concealed listeners arouses you to the fact that you have this some while been playing the part of "butt" to the natural humor of the Kaffir.

ANTI-SEMITIC AGITATION IN FRANCE. — The anti-Semitic agitation has been revived in France. The *Figaro* and the *Gaulois* devote their leading columns to the attacks made at Neuilly last Sunday week on the Jews in general, and in particular on the house of Rothschild. The writer in the *Figaro* professes to have interviewed not Baron Alphonse de Rothschild but "Un intime de la Rue Lafitte," who described to him the movement as German in its origin. The *Figaro* attributes the birth of French anti-Semitism to the belief that the ruin of the Union Générale and its clients was the work of the great Jewish financiers, and especially the Rothschilds; but it explains that this belief is unfounded. The Rothschilds, it says, tried to save, not indeed the Union Générale, for that was past salvation, but the funds deposited there, and it says they would have succeeded had M. Pontoux not been arrested. The French people, it is said, have no feeling against the Rothschilds, and anti-Semitism is not in any way

dangerous. In the *Gaulois*, M. Andrieux, ex-prefect of police, deals with the question in an article headed "If I were Rothschild." He thinks that the agitation against the Jews has a character of gravity which commands the consideration of all statesmen. He traces that agitation to the favor shown the Jews by the Republican government. He fears that the reaction which has set in against the preponderating influence of the Jewish element in French society will, like all reactions, be excessive and unreasoning, and he thinks that it is possible for the head of the house of Rothschilds to check that mischievous reaction by "promoting syndicates and associations of workmen, placing credit within the reach of industrial and agricultural labor, making the lot of the laborer less hard and the capitalist less selfish" — "in a word," adds M. Andrieux, "if I were Rothschild, I would wish to be the first Socialist of my times in the highest sense of the word."

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